

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 5, 1972 60 CENTS

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Next week

DISASTERS AND DELIGHTS of a rich baseball season include B. Powell's silent opera, D. McLean's demolition and a gaggle of young sluggers. Ron Fizzle investigates a all.

BASHING STICKS, and sometimes helmets, the nation's top-ranked lacrosse teams reach the title round of the NCAA tournament held at College Park, Md. Peter Carry reports.

OPEN COUNTRY is actually an enclave of surpassing beauty and variety. A preview by Dan Jenkins and Sarah Priggs of the U.S. golf championship—the players and the place.

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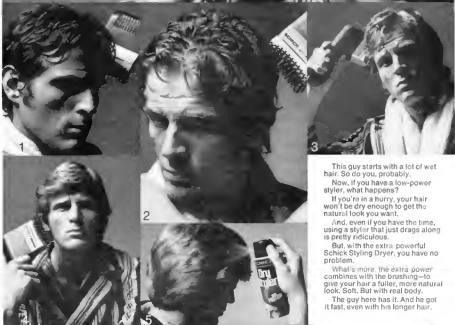
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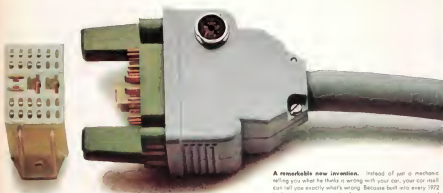
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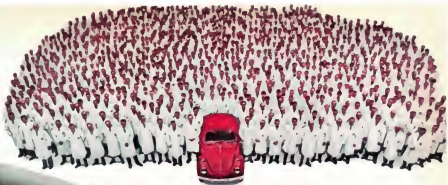
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Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

TV ART

Will basketball never stop its invasion of the arts? Not content with inspiring a movie novel and an award-winning play (See *CREAM*, May 29), it is now doing the Olympian heights of TV drama. Or series. Or whatever they call those weekly visits to the same people. This one, tentatively scheduled for presentation in 1973, has the working title of *Junior Harlem Globetrotters* and is about five black youngsters, their basketball coach and his wife. Will it be any good? All we can do is wait and see.

WHEN IN ROME

The muted traditions of tennis: polite applause for a good shot, considerate silence for an error—are not known everywhere. In Pikesville, Md., the high school baseball and tennis teams often travel to out-of-town contests together. Usually the tennis players finish their match first and then go root for the baseball team. But on one recent trip the baseball game ended first, and the infielders, outfielders, catchers and pitchers trooped over to the tennis court to reciprocate in kind. Except that they cheered the way you do at baseball games.

"They applauded whenever we scored a point," said Tennes Coach Jerry Miller, "but, unfortunately, they also cheered when the other team made a bad play. How were they to know? They had never finished their game first before. I had to explain the customs of tennis to them, and then I spent the rest of the match giving them cues. I'd nod my head 'yes' or shake it 'no.' They were O.K. after that."

PENALTY MARKER

All right, George Allen of the Washington Redskins, wheeling and dealing draft choices for veteran players, got into a bind when it came out that he had traded the same draft choices to different clubs. Allen had to back and fill, and compensatory arrangements had to be made. The NFL eventually slapped an

official reprimand on the Washington coach and a \$5,000 fine on the Redskins for their careless ways at the trading table. Life moved on.

But a question remains: How could the league have allowed such duplication to take place and then not catch up with it until months later? Surely, the league must keep records of who gives what and who gets what. Surely, all trades and transactions must clear the league office. They do, they do, says the NFL. Except that in this case the man who usually handled such things had left to take another job and in the change-over there was an unfortunate slipup. Could it ever happen again? "No," snapped Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

You can bet it won't, especially since Allen, who apparently believes you can get away with the same thing twice, has been similarly careless in the past. But the fact remains: His club was fined \$5,000 for a mistake Allen presumably could not have made if the league office had been more efficiently run.

OUR HERO

Willie Mays' amazing (the only acceptable adjective) play after joining the New York Mets prompted the repeated comment, "He has a young body." Dr. George Sheehan, the sportsman and physician, disagrees. "He has a 41-year-old body," Sheehan observes, "and he has a lot more going for him than most people suspect. First of all, he is in superb shape, and any cardio-pulmonary physiologist can tell you that a well-trained and fit 40-and-over can perform at the level of an average man 10 years his junior. The heart and lung functions that are quickest to deteriorate are also the easiest to reestablish through hard work. Second, nerve conduction and reaction time decrease extremely slowly and are still 85% of normal at age 85. Mays could well be hitting for the cycle when he goes on Social Security. Third, 'exercise is the best preservative we know,' says Dr. Alex Comfort, the British ex-

pert on aging. He cites ballerinas, orchestra conductors, runners, cyclists, weight lifters. He may add Mays to the list. Finally, Mays has motivation. Critic Elizabeth Hardwick says, "When great creative artists are granted a long life they appear to find some vital source within themselves that can set the decrepitudes of age at a distance." Mays found that vital source, and his heroic feats as a Met have set the decrepitudes of age at a distance not only from him but from all us aging also-rans and never-weres. He is the greatest boost to our morale since Balzac said that 52 was the age at which men were most attractive to women."

DANGER

A man like Mays, accustomed to being a hero, carries it off with style. Fewer men sometimes have trouble. Running around the bases after hitting a home run should be the easiest thing in baseball, but with the Chicago Cubs, for specific instance, it's different. For the Cubs, home runs are dangerous. Earlier this season Billy Williams wanted to welcome Ron Santo after the latter's home run. Santo came in, gleefully jumped on home plate and then stepped on Williams' left foot, cutting his big toe. Last week Jose Cardenal hit a home run, tapped hands with teammate Glenn Beckert at home plate and turned toward the dugout. As he did, Beckert took a quick practice swing and accidentally whacked Cardenal in the head.

Critics say the Cubs have been having trouble with fundamentals all season. Now Leo Durocher may have to give them home-run-greeting practice.

TEXAS STYLE

Golf promoters like to have as many stars in their tournaments as possible, but inevitably one big name or another effects to take a week off at just the wrong time. In an attempt to cut down on such absenteeism, the three major Texas tournaments—the Byron Nelson at Dallas, the Houston Classic at Houston and the Colonial National Invitational at Fort Worth—may put up a special incentive prize of \$50,000 to go to the low combined scorer in the three events.

Dave Marr, a Houston resident who won the PGA championship in 1965, says, "I think the top golfers will go for the idea. All of them like to take periodic rests. I know Jack Nicklaus

continued

Six facts you won't read in an ad for any other steel belted radial tire.

1 THE PIRELLI CINTURATO CN-75 IS THE ONLY TIRE TO USE "TRAC-STEEL 21" STEEL CORDS COMPRISED OF A VIRTUALLY UNHEARD-OF NUMBER OF STEEL FILAMENTS

In the Cinturato steel belted radial, each steel cord is made up of 21 individual filaments.

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Because of its unique combination of "Trac-Steel 21" and rayon, the Pirelli Cinturato has handling and comfort characteristics not usually associated with steel belted tires.

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Like many other steel belted radials, the Cinturato was designed for American car suspensions.

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We tested our tire on American roads. On virtually every class of American car. From the mini cars to the luxury cars to the high performance jobs.

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4 BEFORE THE CN-75 WAS INTRODUCED, WE ROAD TESTED IT FOR OVER A MILLION MILES TO BE SURE WE COULD GUARANTEE YOU AT LEAST 40,000

Now don't think that every car we tested got 40,000 miles. Some only got 30,000. Some got over 50,000. (When you test under conditions as tough as we did there are bound to be variations.)

But we are sure we can guarantee you at least 40,000 miles. And there's something else different about Pirelli's guarantee.

While we strongly recommend that you check your front end, and do a few other things every 6,000 miles or so (for your own safety), we won't cancel your guarantee if you don't. As long as any problem is unrelated to a vehicle defect.

In other words, we didn't just guarantee our tire and hope you wouldn't read the fine print.

5 EVERY SINGLE CN-75 IS COMPLETELY X-RAY INSPECTED AFFORDING US 100% QUALITY CONTROL

We at Pirelli have been making radials for over 20 years, and we know that a steel belted radial is very difficult to make. So we don't take any chances.

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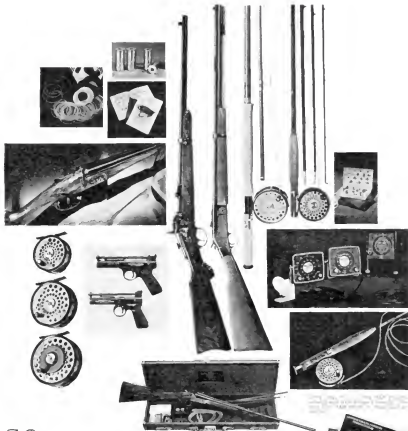
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the greatest combination ever designed...well, perhaps...for the all-around sportsman from Webley & Scott of Birmingham and Hardy, Roebuck & Co. of London, England.

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Two black powder percussion guns...the Springfield Hawk and the Hummer...are also new to the H&R line this year.

From England...and available only through H&R...for Mr. Webley & Scott shotguns that can be customized to your specifications...air pistols...and accessories.

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doesn't like to be away from his family three weeks in a row, but \$50,000 might interest him enough to bring his family with him for part of the Texas tour. I've known Arnold Palmer to play five straight weeks, so why not three straight here? Listen, \$50,000 has to get their attention, whether they're Jack or Arnie or anyone else. I tried to get Lee Trevino to play in Houston this year, but he was taping a TV commercial that week and couldn't. If you make it attractive enough, golfers would arrange their schedules so they could make it."

The three tournaments are expected to raise their combined prize money from \$375,000 to \$450,000 next year, with \$30,000 a tournament for the winner. Conceivably, a blazing hot golfer could leave Texas with three first places and \$140,000.

DISTAFF DOLLARS

Women's golf is going upper-income, too. With the \$25,000 Portland Classic added to the LPGA tour, the women now have 29 tournaments and slightly more than \$1 million to shoot for. As of May 15, Jane Blalock, the leading money-winner, had \$31,000 in purses stashed away, and four others had winnings of \$22,000 or more.

HORSEWOMEN

If your daughter shows small aptitude for booming drives or delicate approach shots, you might buy her a horse and send her to William Woods College in Fulton, Mo. Up until now, all she could take at William Woods was a minor in equitation, but beginning next autumn the century-old four-year college for women will offer a Bachelor of Science degree in Equestrian Studies. Along with, presumably, instruction on how to achieve a proper seat, courses will include Fundamentals of Veterinary Medicine, History of Breeds, Farrier Science and Stable Management. We assume the latter includes mucking out stalls.

RECORD CATCH

The Hudson River Fishermen's Association, Inc., whose members ordinarily go after striped bass and white perch, have hooked into quite a lunker: a U.S. Treasury check for \$20,000, the largest ever given under the reward provision of the Federal Refuse Act of 1899. According to the law, anyone who reports a polluter of navigable waters can col-

lect a percentage of the fine. Federal Judge Thomas F. Croake, who fined Anaconda Wire & Cable Co. \$200,000, ruled that the Fishermen's Association was entitled to \$20,000 for its complaints to Government officials about the pollution.

The association will give half the reward to one of its members, Fred Danback of Yonkers, N.Y., who was initially responsible for calling the violation



to Government attention. The remaining \$10,000 will be used by the fishermen to press action against other polluters.

ON THOSE KENYANS

Kenya, whose runners won three golds, four silvers and a bronze at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968, has come up with a new track star. His name is Kip Keir and his feats, modest by international standards, have made him a hero in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he is a sophomore at Coe College. Coe scored an upset in winning the Midwest Conference track and field championship when Keir scored or helped to score 42 of Coe's 83 points. He won the 220, the 440, the javelin and the triple jump, ran anchor on the winning mile-relay team, was second in the long jump and ran a leg on the 440-yard-relay team, which finished second.

Keir has since returned in his home in Kericho, Kenya, and will try out for his country's Olympic team at 800 meters, his best event. Since Kenya has at

least six half-milers who are better than he is, his chances of getting to Munich are slight. Coe doesn't care. Next year Coach Wayne Phillips intends to let Keir add the half mile to his college repertoire and says he will try to find a ninth event for him when he is a senior.

CRY WOLF

Congressman William Whitehurst of Virginia, who has introduced a bill in Congress for the study of timber wolves, is up in arms over a Defense Department order for 250,000 fur-lined parka hoods. The specified lining is wolf fur, which is prized for its resistance to moisture and the formation of frost. The National Wildlife Federation estimates that 25,000 wolves (about 10 ruffs can be made from each pelt) would be needed to fill the order; that is half the wolf population of North America. And the animal is already on the Federal Government's list of endangered species.

"The wolf is a victim of its own mythology," Congressman Whitehurst says. "Laws protecting it are needed. We will be poorer for its demise."

NEW DIMENSIONS

In suburban New York, the East Yonkers Pee Wee League got off to a rousing start when Unique Hair Style edged Ed Siebert's Nine 118-28 in five innings. The Uniques scored at least 21 runs in each inning. One eager player, possibly left-handed, circled the bases the wrong way. Another caught a fly ball for an out after it had bounded off the head of a teammate. The Yonkers *Herald Statesman* put the story on the front page. Naturally.

THEY SAID IT

- Dr. Karl Kapp, of Basel University in Switzerland, at an international conference on the quality of life: "Had there been a computer in 1872 it would probably have predicted that by now there would be so many horse-drawn vehicles it would be impossible to clear up all the manure."
- Noem Miller of the Houston Astros on San Diego's bright yellow uniforms: "They look like a jar of mustard."
- Thomas Austin (Amarillo Slim) Pearson, after winning \$60,000 in a winner-take-all "World Series" of poker in Las Vegas: "I have a wife, three kids and a dog. I've coached Little League, and I don't gamble in my hometown." **END**

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Mark
Donohue

GOOD SHOW CHARLIE BROWN!

And good grief! When all the winged racers of Indy finished the fastest 500 miles ever, right there in the winner's circle sat the mild-mannered, much-beet—and deserving—Mark Donohue **by ROBERT F. JONES**

There are those few fatalists whose first act, when they arrive at Indianapolis for the annual 500-mile race, is to open their motel-room Bibles at random and stab a finger into the holy writ in search of omens. One such seeker last week sat upon the following quote from Job 10:8, "Thine hands have made me and fashioned me together round about; yet thou dost destroy me."

Aha! the fatalist exulted. It's a car talking—an Eagle, maybe, or an Antares, or any of the new winged bombshells that are threatening to make this Indy the fastest and most dangerous ever. And indeed, all through the week preceding the race the words of Job seemed to stand as an ominous epigraph to a pending automotive disaster. The cars were obscenely fast—not a one of the 33 qualifiers had failed to beat last year's record pole-winning speed of 178.696 mph. All of them were winged force and aft, the better to hug the road through the corners, yet mightn't those very appendages cause unforeseen turbulence in traffic that could result in a monstrous chain-reaction crash? Or, what if one car nicked another and a wing flew away?

But when the grim day rolled around, and the cars rolled around and around and around with it, the worries became wasted. It proved indeed to be the fastest Indy ever, with a winning average speed of 163.465—nearly six mph faster than last year's record—but also one of the safest. There was only one bad crash, Mike Mosley hitting the wall in Turn

Four at nearly the same spot where he had been so gravely injured the year before. And although Mike's car once again caught fire, he managed to jump out with his overalls ablaze, roll the flames out on the track and escape with second-degree burns as well as a badly bruised arm—the same one he had broken in the 1971 wreck.

There also had been those who feared, regardless of accidents, that none of the cars would be able to finish for mechanical reasons. Fully 60 engines were broken in one way or another during practice and qualifying; how many would blow during the race itself? And even those engines that survived the heat and pressure of Indy at high noon on race day might conceivably have used up all of their allotted 325 gallons of fuel before the 500 miles had been run: the hot cars like Bobby Unser's Olsonite Eagle and Gary Bettenhausen's Sunoco McLaren were getting about 1.55 miles per gallon. At that rate, running wide open all the way, the fastest machines could count on only 503.75 miles of racing—a margin of error that measured a scant .75%, less than that which is built into an Apollo moonshot. Well, once again no need to have worried. Almost half the starters finished—14 cars of 33—and those who failed did not run out of gas.

But if the gloom-and-doom contingent needed any further evidence to dispel its pessimism, it needed only to look at the face of the ultimate winner. Mark Donohue had been thought by some to be the job of contemporary motor sports. At last year's Indy, though he was driving the fastest car by far—a Mo-

Laren M16—he managed somehow to lose the pole to Peter Revson in another McLaren, then to break down during the race itself, when he had an almost unbeatable lead, and finally to see his car destroyed in a freak accident in the corner, where he had parked after the failure. In this year's NASCAR Grand National series, Mark has been saddled with an American Motors Matador that is not only "dirty" aerodynamically but about 50 hp weaker than its competition—no way he can win among the stockies. As if that were not enough, Mark found the pressures of racing too harsh for a happy marriage; he has separated from his wife and two children. Now, when he is not racing Indy cars or stockers or testing his Porsche Can-Am car, Mark sleeps on a cot in Roger Penske's Philadelphia headquarters. A saddening image when one realizes that Donohue is one of the top five or 10 racers in the world.

Yet all of that sadness was erased—replaced by elation both on Mark's part and that of his sympathizers—when he won the big one last weekend. Fate tends to be unkind to racing drivers more often than not, and sometimes it kills them, but Donohue's victory somehow rekindled a feeling that is rapidly eroding in this strange century, a feeling that perhaps the deserving can indeed be rewarded. "Gee," said one Donohue fan after the race, "Charlie Brown finally won a ball game."

Unfortunately, many of the 300,000 race enthusiasts who watched Donohue win probably could not appreciate the nuances implicit in his success. Fire, blood and the prospect of death too

A winner at last, Donohue's victory smile reflects a touch of the oddity winfulness.

continued

often make up the magnetism of Indy for the multitudes. Because this race had promised to be dangerous and then proved otherwise, the crowd sat on its hands. Yet outside the booby infield scene, encompassing it in a clean web of precision, sound and danger, the cars turned their laps and the drivers took their 200-mph chances. When one considered the investment of time, money and—most importantly—spirit that goes

into any Indy car, it became tragic to witness the disregard the fans felt about failure, much less success.

Weather was no problem with this race. The day's stagnant hot air could only add to the burdens which the engines would have to endure, the pessimists moaned, but at the same time there was no threat of an anticlimactic rain. Every driver knew on awakening—and the Penske drivers, Donohue and

Gary Bettenhausen, awoke at three a.m.—that this was the day, all right.

As soon as Tony Hulman, the Speedway boss, had ordered the starting of the engines it became clear that things would not ever again be the same at Indy, not with the new technology of the wings taking effect. A. J. Foyt could not get his engine started, a bad omen for the oldtimers since this was Super Tex' 15th outing at the Speedway and he was a medium-longshot favorite to win his fourth Indy. No one had ever won more than three. Nor would Foyt.

While A. J. pushed his car up to the end of pit row and strove for ignition the rest of the field took the first of what was supposed to be a three-lap warmup. But after the second lap, while Foyt still fiddled and then finally got ignition, starter Pat Vidan flashed the green flag. Vidan, a physical culture enthusiast, was perhaps a bit overtrained—at least for the guys that handle the caution lights at Indy. "I saw the pace car pull into the pits and I saw the starter pull out the green flag," said Peter Revson, who was in the front row. "But when I looked up the yellow caution light was still on at Turn One. I backed off and five cars damned near ran me over."

The foul-up at the start, however, may have been a major factor in the safety of the race—not through the Speedway's conscious doing but through sheer good luck. As a result of the ragged start the field was strung out rather than packed into treacherous groups. Bobby Unser in his pole-sitting Eagle took wing right from the outset, and at the end of the first lap already had a two-second lead on the rest of the field. No question but that Bobby was wearing the right car—every time one looked up he seemed to be passing by.

Then the battles began, sentimental and mechanical at the same time. Revson recovered from his bad start and made a dramatic charge past Donohue and Bettenhausen to take second place—for a moment. If one realized that Peter has become a considerable racing driver in almost the wink of an eye, if one realized that Peter is finally living up to his potential and demonstrating a resolve, if one realized that he is no long-

Coming out of the fourth turn, Mike Mosley slammed the wall and caught fire briefly but managed a fast escape (inset) with burns.



er the "Revlon here" but an honest and true and dedicated racing driver, it was thrilling in the best sense of that word. But then Revson cracked his gearbox, and he was finished. To those who commiserated he had a telling reply—"Next year"—and he meant it.

With Revson's withdrawal, Bettenhausen moved up into second place. No one who is really serious about Indy can believe for a moment that the pole-sitter will win the race, not in this era of fragile technology. Nor could the serious fan sincerely believe that the son of an almost mythical and long-dead father could win it either—at least not this year. Yet many of those serious fans were hoping.

Bobby Unser broke next. It was a typical racing failure, a cheap part—a distributor rotor. The white Eagle with the rainbow trim coasted into the pits, and the driver—a man who looks and acts in many ways like a mule—got out. He accepted this fate: he did not kick his helmet. That failure put Bettenhausen in the lead, and the steady young man from Tinley Park, Ill. stayed out front for another 125 laps. It was not an easy dominance. When Mosley hit the wall coming out of Turn Four on the 57th lap, shedding wheels, spraying both terror and the flames of his burning car onto the course, Gary ducked doily under the debris. He took his instructions from Penske with the solid intelligence of a platoon leader. He pitted quickly and never panicked when his engine cut out during the stops, thus costing precious seconds. Jerry Grant in the purple Mystery Eagle, the second of Dan Gurney's supercars, was riding only seven seconds behind Bettenhausen. To the smart money it was predictable: the favorite had to be the second-year car, Bettenhausen's Penske-prepared McLaren, but the really smart money could not exclude the possibility that Grant's Eagle would confound the odds and pull out the victory.

Oh, elusive victory. Jerry Grant, age 37, is an overweight road racer from Seattle who had almost won Le Mans with Dan Gurney back in 1966, who had won 24 straight SCCA races in a Ferrari back in the days when road racing was for amateurs, a man who had not gotten a ride in a championship car for nine months and who had given up beer in favor of diet cola in order to get back into the literal thick of things. If anyone deserved victory, why not Jerry?



Just when it seemed that he might win, Jerry Grant whipped in for a fateful pit stop.

But that is a sentimentalist's question. Victory in this race would go, certainly, to a man who had worked for it, but in what way? Bobby Unser had been sidelined by fate. Peter Revson had shown his stuff, no need to weep over his failure. Gary Bettenhausen would be a worthy winner, but maybe it would be too soon, he is only 30. Then, during the 173rd lap, with Bettenhausen holding that seven-second lead over Grant, the yellow light flashed on—a chunk of metal on the back straightaway. Slowing to the compulsory 80-mph yellow caution speed fouled Bettenhausen's ignition. When the green light came on, Gary did not; his engine coughed, backfired—and Grant took the lead. Bobby Unser, mistakenly figuring Grant was a full lap ahead, jumped out onto the track with a cigarette in his mouth and admonished Jerry to "cool it."



A. J. Foyt: the race started. He didn't.

But Grant was running low on fuel, while Donohue had taken an extra pit stop during the yellow to top off. Mark was closing, with the sort of studied steadiness that amounts to victory in this sport. Donohue had chosen to run with a "weaker" engine than the fast guys—Bobby Unser, Revson, even Bettenhausen—and although he suffered in the early going through a 50-hp disadvantage in the straights, he had kept his car healthy and well fueled throughout. At the last moment Grant had to pit—for fuel, as Penske suspected, or for a frayed front tire as Grant indicated when he charged into the pit. Coming out, Seattle Fats was a lap behind Donohue. Penske, about to explode with elation under his headset at trackside, flashed Donohue a sign that read: #2.

It was even easier than Penske figured, for that dramatic pit stop was to play a fateful role in deciding the second spot. Grant had slightly overshot his own pit and pulled into teammate Bobby Unser's zone (which is legal), but the excited crew had topped off using fuel from Unser's tank (which is not). The move brought a protest, and next day Grant was dropped to 12th with Al Unser moving to second.

The rest really was easy, though for Mark Donohue nothing is or ever will be easy. Those who watch him race, however, are justified in hoping that despite the difficulties of being a graduate engineer from Brown University who is caught up in an absurd sport, Mark may find more success and maybe even another \$250,000 like he won last week at Indy. Perhaps someday it may be said of him: "He maketh a path to shine after him . . ." Job 41:32. Or as Charlie Brown might say, "Phooey to fate." **END**

THE BLUFFS BUTCHER GETS TENDERIZED

A wild publicity buildup sent obscure Ron Stander bouncing into the ring with Joe Frazier. After that, his head did the bouncing **by MARK KRAM**

Genius fascinates, even when it emerges from so low a level as a press agent's mind. Consider the fellow who once had Francis X. Bushman mobbed by simply loading the actor's pockets with quarters that trickled through a hole onto the sidewalk. Or the agent who, looking to publicize himself, searched within full view of the Capitol dome for a needle in a large haystack. Wearing coveralls, a miner's cap and a respirator, he finally found it on his fourth day in the bay.

Though less creative, satirical nonsense has long been invisible in the ring—that is, until last week in Omaha where Joe Frazier made his second defense of his world heavyweight title against Ron Stander. About 10,000 people, most of whom swarmed across the Missouri River from Council Bluffs, Iowa, came to see one of their own escape anonymity. If they had the heart to raise the tips of these straw hats—bearing the words "Who in the Hell Is Joe Frazier?"—the hats slipped steadily down over their eyes as several things became apparent:

1) A barroom is not a ring. 2) Ron Stander is not Tony Galento. 3) No one with a particle of intelligence should hang in front of Joe Frazier like a sack of potatoes. 4) Joe Frazier may well be one of the top four heavyweights in ring history. 5) Stander hardly lives up to the name of Bluffs Butcher. And finally, 6) he should seek gainful employment elsewhere.

Of consolation to his following is this: Stander may not have been a butcher, but no bluff infected his considerable presence. He came to do some evil, and it is too bad that such a spirit should be so impeded by abilities that were best described of another fighter long ago in a poster from an obscure manager. It read: "He [the manager's fighter] has every equivalent to be a great fighter.

He is the recipient of a knockout punch in either hand. And punches roll off his chin like a duck takes to water." That was Stander last week, and when it was all over blood seemed to color even the big Cornhusker moon.

Trouble came early to Stander, whose stratagem, if you can call it that, was to hang oppressively close to Frazier, to smother Frazier's arms and to beat him about the kidneys. "I'm going to room him there," he said often before the fight. As it was, Stander had to settle for just the hanging, which was not only perilous but exquisitely masochistic. Frazier did seem slightly confused in the opening round, but then he went to work. Stander's face began to open up in the second as Frazier found room to do some cutting.

Uppercuts jerked Stander's head up from the security of his big paws stuck to his head, and that deadly, short left gun of Frazier's knocked the head back down. By the middle of the second round, Stander was bloody from a cut beside his nose. By the third, it looked as if the nose was about to burst. Then, in the fourth, he came across the ring at Frazier, a man intent on being quite nasty before, finally, being separated from his reason. He backed Frazier into a neutral corner, but Joe stroked his way swiftly out of it. Volumes of punches thudded off of the big Iowa's head. He was now cut in three places—soon it would be four—his face was nearly obscured by blood, his right eye was closing. With blood dropping into his other eye, vision was rapidly deserting Stander.

He never did make it out for the fifth round. The attending doctor wisely stopped the fight. Stander, who already had taken 60 stitches in his face across 25 fights, needed 17 more; seven over the left side of his nose, four on the right side, three on the right eyelid and

three below the right eye. The two cuts on each side of his nose almost formed a V, which was as close to victory as anybody except the press agents expected he would get.

The flacks' optimism was, of course, predictable. After all, it was a fight passed together by press agency and held in a town long prominent in rag history for fluff and puff. All of the old wise men knew the route. Begin the buildup amid the tinsel of L.A., then slowly work your way to Omaha, endearingly referred to as The Sucks, the first big stop before going East. Who will ever know the number of Beercats, Tigers and Sailors who once moved through Omaha?

So it was a perfect spot once more for sending up balloons. Nothing cerebral, mind you, just enough color to interest a national television audience. Get some big kid with 25 fights who likes to drink beer and occasionally brawl. Then tell everybody he's another Tony Galento, tell them to watch for the kid's knees, his gouging and rare, old shocking manners. Give him a big mouth and phrases like: "I'll fight any human being alive and most animals." Or: "How much beer do I drink? I lose count after a case." Or: "Have I ever been knocked down? Yeah, by the police with a nightstick." Goodbye to genius.

Stander went along gladly. He has always seemed more drawn to the romance of the ring than to the money, and you couldn't find much more romance than in a title fight with Joe Frazier. So all week one of the more urgent questions was: Who is Ron Stander? Nobody could agree on the answer, although it was recognized that the bulk before them was not usual and certainly needed a label. "I got it," a press agent said excitedly. "He's a Hell's Angel." The one person who was in a position to know Stander was his wife, and she seemed to indicate that it wasn't worth the effort.

About midnight on the eve of the fight, she made a sudden visit to her husband's motel room. Stander was on the bed showing how he was going to twitch when Frazier knocked him out. Then there was a hard rap on the window. Stander seemed to know immediately who it was, and he instinctively jumped up to grab a picture and throw it under his bed. It was a photograph of him looking over his shoulder at a girl he has

just passed in the street. "Hell, she saw this she'd kill me!" he said, nervously. A tiny girl, his wife blew through the door like a cold wind.

"We're \$250 overdrawn at the bank," she says. "What do you think of that?" Stander shrugs.

"We're two months behind in our mortgage payments," she says. "What do you think of that?"

Stander shrugs.

"God, I'm telling you," she says. "It's a good thing I know Frazier's going to do it, or I'd whup you myself."

The next time the wrath of Darlene was in evidence was after the fight. Frazier was down the hall telling reporters that he and the title were retiring for a while. "Until," he said, "somebody comes down to my plantation with Clay's signature on a contract and 3½ million dollars for me. That's my final word. I ain't sayin' another word on the subject." Up the hall there was Darlene, and she was saying words.

"He was an excellent husband until he turned pro. It became a fantasy for him, and all those bums he hangs out with made him dream even more."

"Well, why did you once hit him in the face with a plate full of spaghetti if he was so excellent?" she was asked. "Just one of those little spats."

"What did you think of the fight tonight?"

"Just this," she said. "All this fighting and nothing to show for it. We have nothing in the bank, no hospitalization, only a couple of life insurance policies. You can't raise two kids on a fantasy." (Her husband did make \$42,631 for his pain.)

"Does it bother you to see him beaten so badly?"

"I'm used to it."

"Do you worry about him getting hurt?"

"Well, Ron gets hurt every time he goes in the ring because he's never been in shape. How do I know Ron gets hurt? Because after a lot of fights he doesn't know what he is doing and doesn't remember what happened. God only gave you one brain, and you shouldn't abuse it."

"What did you think of him tonight?"

"I'm a realist. You don't enter a Volkswagen at Indy unless you know a helluva shortcut."

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB SCHARFMAN



Blinded by the blood in his eyes, Stander falls away, hoping to locate the champion.



With a bright smile on his face Jimmy Wynn sat in the Houston dug-out one night last week at San Diego Stadium, watching his teammates caper on the grass beyond. Eight Astros were lined up side by side, well into their pregame performance. These "Flipaholics," as they call themselves, moved a baseball up and down the line, tossing it from glove to glove and trying to induce errors by putting it behind their backs, over their shoulders or between their legs. Each misplay drew raucous laughter. Wynn would giggle and slap his knees. "I have never been this happy," he said. "Never! The Houston Astros of 1972 are what Jim Wynn always hoped would happen to him sometime during his career. Look at them. They know they're good and they like each other. They are the rowdiest bunch of guys I have ever seen. I've been thinking for weeks, trying to come up with a name that fits this team. Orange Crush is one that's around, but somehow that isn't quite rowdy enough. I'll be trying to improve on it."

Certainly Wynn & Co. deserve something memorable, something catchy, worthy of such National League predecessors as the St. Louis Gas House Gang, the 1950 Whiz Kids of Philadelphia, the Miracle Mets of 1969 and Cincinnati's Big Red Machine. Right from the start of the season the Astros and Los Angeles Dodgers have been playing a delightful game of tag atop the standings. Seven times the two exchanged first place, but last week the Astros really got their teeth into the lead by doing some compelling things.

Over a 12-day period the young Houston pitching staff threw nine complete games. In four games Bob Watson launched homers. The team not only topped the majors in home runs but had three of the top five RBI leaders. Cesar Cedeno (pronounced suh-dayn-yo), the 21-year-old outfielder who Manager Harry Walker says is second only to Roberto Clemente as a generator of excitement, was hotfooting it after the lead in stolen bases. Third Baseman Doug Rader, the closest thing the league has to a Brooks Robinson with a glove—

Red Roster Rader stops 'em with a smothering glove and toothpick-chewing Jim Wynn, also known as The Toy Cannon, booms 'em.

HERE COME THE HAPPINESS BOYS

Houston's amazing Astros rollick their way into a red-hot season with prodigious bats and potent arms

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

he also has a hefty RBI record—made a game-saving play one afternoon against the Dodgers that Wes Parker, one of baseball's premier defensive performers, called "perhaps the greatest play I've ever seen. And I'm talking about 10 years as a player and 10 years as a fan."

While a fit nickname may be slow coming for the team, individual players have theirs right now. John Edwards, the catcher with the heavy legs, is Clydesdale. Long-ball-hitting Lee May is Bopper. Shortstop Roger Metzger, who sweeps up everything in sight, is Houser. Rader is Big Red Rooster and Relief Pitcher Jim Ray is Stinger. The two left-handed starting pitchers, Dave Roberts and Jerry Reuss, are called Oral and Rolls, respectively, while George Culver, a sharp dresser addicted to male cosmetics who also dabbles in sportswriting, is Skunk. The diminutive Wynn is The Toy Cannon. He has had that nickname for a long time, but never has he fired with such effect.

With Cedeno, May, Watson and Rader surrounding Wynn in the lineup, things happen. This year the Astros have emerged as the biggest run producers in baseball. Of more importance, however, is the fact that Houston has hit 26 home runs without yet playing a game in Montreal, Atlanta or Philadelphia, inviting parks for power hitters. Through the entire 1971 season the Astros hit only 71 homers, the meekest total in the big leagues. Because the Astros lacked solid long-hall hitters, they lost 43 games by one run.

Even before then, rooting for the Astros was not an easy thing. When the league named them out of expansion coin in 1962 they were called the Colt

.45s—and what jammed pistols they were. Because the Mets then resembled something that had fallen off the back of a truck, Houston attained a certain respectability only by comparison. In its first three years the team was marvelously consistent, losing 96 games each. Then Judge Roy Hofheinz built a \$31.6 million terrarium to play in, pronounced it the eighth wonder of the world and renamed the club the Astros.

By 1970 the novelty of the Astrodome was wearing off and people began watching the players instead. What they saw was not nearly so impressive. Among those who would be tough in trivia tussles were Al Cicotte, Jim Golden, Pudge Browne, Aaron Poffner, Al Hest, Jay Dahl, Keith Lampard, Bruce Von Hoff and Larry Yeilen. Harry Walker managed for four years and when all was said and done, too much had been said, too little done. When Walker was rehired for 1972, a lot of people were stunned, but then General Manager Spec Richardson traded for some good players and Walker smoothed his tongue.

Instead of talking at his players all the time, Harry picks his spots. "A lot of their recent teaching," he says. "I try to avoid talking to my players as much as possible. Players aren't like they were in the old days. When they throw the helmet after they've made an out I don't scream at them. I just get out of the way so I don't get hit. Sure, I've had my battles with Jimmy Wynn in the past, but I think that's over now. We had a long talk when we decided not to trade him, and we got some things ironed out. This is a different way of going for me, but I'm enjoying life a lot more."

Just as Walker looks like a happy and relaxed man this season, so too does Wynn. From 1964 to 1971 he did some remarkable things for a man 5'9". Despite playing in the Astrodome, he had years in which he hit as many as 37 homers, one season in which he stole 43 bases and another in which he drove in 107 runs. Last year is the one he wishes he could forget. He was stabbed during a domestic disturbance with his former wife, and he hit only seven home runs while batting .205. "I think all the bad things are behind me now," he says. "I can concentrate on playing baseball. This year we got together as a team in spring

training and really worked hard. We can score, and our starting pitching is just now coming to the point where we thought it would be all along."

To understate the ease, the Houston pitching staff is loaded. Larry Dierker has three shutouts already. His lifetime record (187-70) is very impressive considering the Houston teams he labored for. Don Wilson came on strong during the second half of 1971, winning 10 while losing only four. Last winter the Astros picked up Roberts from San Diego, where his 2.10 ERA was the league's second best. Ken Forsch has bright promise. Tom Griffin is on his way back after being the top rookie pitcher in 1969 and reliever Jim Ray has baseball's best record today, 7-0.

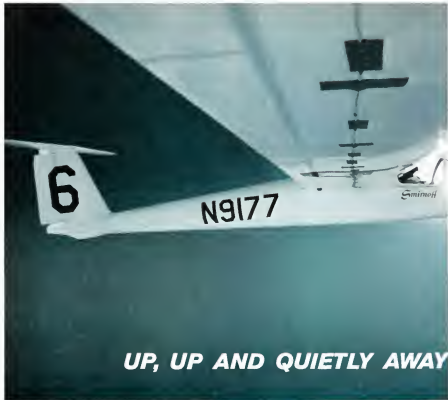
On opening day this year the Astros traded Scipio Spinks to St. Louis for Reuss. Up close, Reuss looks like a bottle of Nair has backfired on him. He has fashionably long hair and may have the only mustache in the league. He also possesses a fine fastball. "We hated to trade Spinks," says John Mullen, Richardson's assistant. "We love everything about him. But in Reuss we saw the opportunity to get something vital to us—another leftlander to pitch against certain ball clubs."

The most important of those clubs, of course, is Los Angeles. On May 21, Reuss defeated the Dodgers in the final game of a thrilling four-game series, 2-1. The Astros needed that win, in the Dodgers' park, to split the series. Last Friday night the other leftlander, Roberts, opened a home series against the Dodgers with a 5-3 victory.

In truth, the Dodgers seem to be in some trouble when leftlanders work against them. Their switch hitters are a step and a half farther from first, left-hand-hitting Willie Davis' effectiveness is lessened and Willie Crawford and Bill Buckner often sit down against lefties.

As this season burns on, the race between Houston and the Dodgers is going to focus increasing attention on Houston's pitchers. Will the experience of the Dodgers' Claude Osterlin, Bill Singer, Al Downing, Tommy John and Don Sutton prevail? Or are Dierker, Wilson, Roberts, Forsch and Reuss the best set of arms in the league? It may take four darling months to determine the answer.

END



UP, UP AND QUIETLY AWAY

Picking their way under black thunderheads that shrouded the serrated ridges of the Alleghenies this stormy afternoon were two of the most unlikely athletes of 1972. One of them was Paul Bickle, a bald, avuncular little man of 55, the pocket of his yellow shirt stuffed with cigars, his recently diminished paunch barely supporting the baggiest trousers since burlesque. The other was Wally Scott, the straightest arrow ever to come out of Texas, a spare, weathered, 47-year-old Odessa movie-house operator whose mysterious maxim was "Mogo all the way!" What they were trying to do was fly the mountains that very nearly stopped the U.S. Air Mail before it started, mountains that old pro-

petitor pilots still call The Graveyard. They were being very quiet about it, too, and for good reason. Neither one had an engine.

Scott and Bickle (above) were flying machines that used to be called gliders, and they were heading for Fredricks, Md. in the climactic last leg of a sporting event as improbable as its participants: the first transcontinental Smitoff Sailplane Derby. Already strewn about the countryside near Latrobe and Ligonier, Pa. were their four rivals in the six-man race, crack pilots all, who had not found enough rising air currents to soar beyond the foothills.

Scott himself had almost come down at Latrobe. His anxious crew wife

Boots, son Wally Jr. and daughter Denna—were rolling along the old Pennsylvania Turnpike southeast of Pittsburgh when the two-way, line-of-sight radio crackled: "WA to Nan Six Murky, murky, murky. Don't go past Latrobe." Nan Six—the call signal for the Scott crew—was already past Latrobe by 20 miles. Wally Jr., spun the crew car off the pike at Donegal and hoisted the 30-foot aerial. "Looks like Wally's down," he said, "but we can get a relay from John Ryan [a competitor]. He's still up around Ligonier." Ryan reported that Wally appeared to be sinking.

As the crew raced west again, there was gloom but not despair in the Scott

places, a desk clerk had asked nervously: "Is it some kind of a balloon?"), most are easily explained. "WA" is the radio call for Scott's high-performance, German-made AS-W 12 fiber-glass plane. "Nan Six" is the call for his crew, which tries to keep in constant radio touch during a flight. And Mojo? Mojo is the battle cry of Odessa's Permian High School Panthers, and it simply means "go like hell." Mojo, indeed, is how Scott won six of the eight aerial legs of the derby. Oh yes—the sailplane. A sailplane is a highly sophisticated descendant of the older gliders that coasted downhill. The sailplane goes uphill, provided, of course, the pilot can find rising air—an invisible thermal soaring above a hot spot of ground, or wind forced upward by mountain ridges.

The idea of sponsoring a trans-continental sailplane race first germinated in the head of a man named Ben Dunn at Heublein, Inc., makers of Smirnoff vodka, possibly after a long lunch dominated by vodka martinis. The scheme was met with joy by his employers, who have discovered that relatively inexpensive promotions of needy sports are gratefully received by the participants and frequently generate public mention of their product.

The Smirnoffs got hold of Ed Butts, a retired Air Force major who has conducted many soaring meets, and Bickle, who directed development of the X-15, the XB-70 and the Lunar Landing Research Vehicle while head of the NASA Flight Research Center at Edwards Air Force Base. Any interest? The response left Smirnoff breathless.

Bickle, as captain of the U.S. soaring team, was looking for money to finance the team's participation in the world championships to be held in July in Yugoslavia. Butts agreed to round up some top competitors for the derby. Smirnoff agreed to give the U.S. team \$6,000 and to pay each derby contestant \$2,000 to defray personal and crew costs.

Butts and the sponsors worked out an itinerary: Los Angeles to Phoenix, 365 air miles; next to Las Cruces, N. Mex., 313; then Odessa, Texas, 266; next Dallas, 319; Tulsa, 250; East St. Louis, Ill., 353; Joliet, Ill., 230; Bryan, Ohio, 190; Akron, Ohio, 163; Latrobe, Pa., 115; Frederick, Md., 123; and Baltimore, 53.

In a world in which the sun always shone, the fields were dry or plowed, cumulus clouds forever ringed the horizon, "dust devils" were always kicking up to show pilots where the updrafts were, and the wind blew neither too hard nor too lightly, all this could be done in 12 days. Even though the course was on the "hot-air line" for May, Smirnoff inserted six rest days to cover tornadoes, acts of God or just plain rain.

Butts wasn't able to recruit all the master soarers in the U.S., but he got most of them. When the contestants assembled May 1 at Whiteman Air Park in the San Fernando Valley north of Los Angeles, the few dozen soaring buffs on hand were dazzled by the celebrities and dazzled by their sleek machines. To begin with, there was Bickle himself, a man who soloed in a glider in 1934 and in 1961 pushed a sailplane up the famous Sierra wave to a world altitude record of 46,267 feet. He wore two pairs of socks, two pairs of pants and a few cigars for that climb, and says now: "I could have gone higher but it got kind of cold up there." It was 65° below zero.

Then there was A. J. Smith, the distinguished Detroit architect who looks like an Ivy League hut isn't, a bachelor of 48. Smith won the world championship in Poland in 1968 and is the No. 1 seed on the 1972 U.S. team. He is famous in the sport for another reason—the obedience and craftsmanship he demands of his crews. "The longest list in the world is people who've crewed for A. J. Smith," says Wayne Mullen, an old friend and colleague. "The shortest is those who've crewed for him twice."

And Wally Scott, of course, the Mojo man, who has won two national championships and until recently shared the world distance record with a flight of 717 miles. Most of the contestants wore Smirnoff hats and red jackets, but not John Ryan, a stocky, 47-year-old Phoenix sailplane dealer with opaque gambler's eyes, who doesn't look like an Ivy League hut is (Deerfield, Dartmouth). Ryan won the national championship in 1962 wearing a pink golf hat given him by his daughter, and has never flown without it since (and never had it laundered, either—"If I ever go down where my crew can't find me,

continued

Whispering across the sky went the first continental sailplane race: from sea to shining sea—in short hops
by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

car. Unlike a lot of families, the Scotts think Dad can do anything. "We're First Presbyterians," Boots had said earlier, "and we believe in predestination. I know Wally's gonna win." The sublimity of faith has seldom been so quickly demonstrated. "WA to Nan Six!" the radio snapped. "Mojo! Mojo! Reverse course!" As Nan Six fled east again, another message came from the sky: "I am south of Johnstown—and climbing! Mojo!" All doubt disappeared. From that point on the Scotts knew it would be Mojo all the way, just as it had been across most of the U.S.

If some of the foregoing exchanges seem as hard to comprehend as the sailplane itself (in Odessa, Texas, of all

there's a lot of nourishment in that hat," he once remarked).

Adding a touch of extreme youth to the roster was Ross Briegleb, a strapping of 33 who has lived on gliderports ever since he was seven years old. Briegleb won the national championship in 1970, and his crew chief, Jimmy Shultzman, was confident he would win the Smirnoff. "The gutsy guy is gonna win this one," Shultzman said, "and we got the gutsy guy." On their records, the first five had to be considered likely to outrun the sixth contestant, Einar K. Enevoldson, a 39-year-old NASA test pilot. Since 1954 Enevoldson has been flying jets at superspeeds, an occupation which has not given him much time to practice flying sailplanes at 140—or even 75—mph.

Of course, the planes themselves would be a factor. All but one were foreign designs, pencil-slim, humished, extraordinarily compact. There was a general consensus that Ryan's German Nimbus II was the highest performance vehicle. Scott's AS-W 12, Briegleb's Glasflugel Kestrel and Enevoldson's Swiss Diamant 18 were rated about on a level. Nobody could estimate the prospects of the Italian Caproni A-21, the relatively chunky side-by-side two-seater A.J. Smith had agreed to fly for AirAmerica, a San Francisco importer. "Ordinarily a two-seater wouldn't have as good a chance as a single," A.J. said. "We'll just have to see." Moreover, Smith had a passenger—Bob Fergus, a friend from Columbus,

Ohio, who had flown out in his Lear Jet to provide A.J. "with laughs and ballast." Bickle's plane, a home-built, all-metal adaptation of a Schreder HP-14, was rated about 15% below the foreign birds, even by its owner. But Bickle, whose name rhymes with pickle, was not dismayed. "Wait'll I get some of these guys back East," he said, his blue eyes rolling with anticipation of those scratchy, often weak conditions.

It was getting on toward noon and the sun was baking through the Los Angeles smog. The crews strapped their birdmen into the tiny pilot enclosures—Scott, for example, flies almost supine—and rendered their cars, trailers, radios and codes. The latter were supposed to enable a pilot to talk to his crewmen without giving away his position. Everyone had one except Scott. "Mojo's our code," said Boots Scott. "I don't figure to have to retrieve Wally. He's gonna wing the last ounce out of it." (In addition to nurturing pilots and planes while they are on the ground, the crew must follow close enough to find a downed glider, disassemble it and trailer it on to the next stop.)

At 12:18 the first competitor, Bickle, was hoisted up and out of sight. At 12:25 the last one—Smith—also vanished toward the San Gabriel peaks and ridges. Crew cars, trailers wobbling, pulled out moments later.

For newcomers following the race there was an immediate revelation: soar-

ing isn't sailing, it's driving. Shultzman, a pretty gutsy guy himself, raced through mountain passes and desert wastes at 100 mph. That first day was a "boomer," with bosh desert and mountains sending up warm air to support the voyagers. A.J. Smith got up to 16,000 feet before he discovered one of his oxygen bottles had not been hooked up (which list, crew?). John Ryan, appropriately, went to Phoenix like a homesick angel, heating Scott by nearly an hour. A crew hurtling through Blythe remembered only one thing—a motel sign reading HOWARD HUGHES MAY HAVE SLEPT HERE. Smith, Bickle and Einar didn't make it. Einar landed near Salome, Ariz., where nobody dances with veils these days, and Bickle folded near Wickenburg. Only A.J., a man who knows how to cut his losses, teatily picked his spot. "I looked for the bluest pool and biggest bar," he said after setting down at Los Caballeros, a resort on Vulture Mine Road west of Wickenburg.

Next day brought another boomer, with everybody skirting the Superstition Mountains and the Mogollons, then going straight into Las Cruces. The crew had most of the adventures—a little old lady, after studying the big Smirnoff sign on one trailer, asked nervously, "Are you Rooshtans?" The codes kept the radio jumping, and everybody suddenly realized that Ryan, with two merry soars from the Sandwich Islands as crewmen, was communicating in Hawaiian. "Ten Diamond Head Big Island," Nimbus II commanded. Ryan beat Scott into Las Cruces by 10 seconds and it was another pink-hat night.

Then it was Wally Scott's turn to head for home, and on May 3 he took AS-W 12 into Odessa like a bullet to win his first leg. He never lost one after that. Despite the firm belief of most outsiders that Texas produces more hot air than anywhere, it produced none for the Smirnoff. After a day's layover in Odessa, Butts gave up and the stoned gliders were traileered to Dallas. After three days of rain in Big D, they were traileered to Tulsa. A newspaperman asked a Smirnoff representative: "How can you call it a sailplane race when you keep going by trailer?" A quick thinker, the Smirnoff man said: "Ever hear of a canoe race without portages?"

On Tuesday, May 9, Ed Butts told the pilots: "The goal is East St. Louis. Fly as far as you can and then trailer



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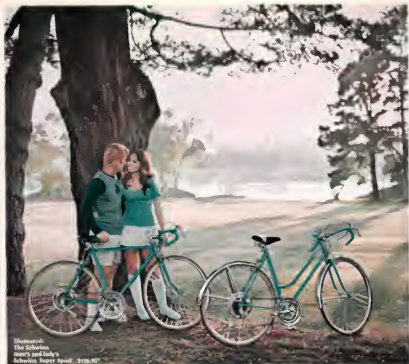
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in. If three of you make 65 miles or over, it will be a contest day." It was a contest day—and the one day that decided the derby. Nobody found much lift in the soft, green hills of the Indian Nation. Ryan came down first, just 50 miles northeast of Tulsa, in a pasture near (but not among) cows. The other planes also dribbled down, but Mojo dribbled farthest—all the way to Joplin, Mo., 95 miles northeast of Tulsa. That meant 1,000 points, and suddenly Wally Scott had a commanding lead of 438 points over John Ryan and more over the rest.

The flights from East St. Louis to Joliet airport and then to Bryan, Ohio were almost sprints. Everybody made it, with Scott first again each time. Smith was met at the Bryan airport by a friend, pretty Sally Hamlin, who had brought down his Cadillac Eldorado from Detroit. The girl, the car and the Caproni were too much for Ross Bruehl. "Hey, A.J., them year wheels!" he demanded. "Yeah—them's my wheels," A.J. replied. "Goddamit," Ross said, "I gotta find me an oil well."

The next day Ross—and all the other disheartened of the earth—got revenge of a sort. On a test hop in the Caproni, A.J. floated gracefully in—and landed with his gear up. The fiber-glass bottom of the sailplane was scraped thin, but tape fixed that. "Well this do you any competitive damage?" Smith was asked. "Only to the laminar flow over my ego," he said.

At this point the Smirnoff suddenly zipped off course to Columbus, Ohio, partly to make up a leg but mostly to accept a party invitation from Bob Ferguson. Once again the flight was a zipper. The party was worth the diversion, but by noon on Saturday it was raining. And raining. And raining. On Sunday everybody trailered to Akron-Canton, where it went right on raining. The caravan arrived just in time to see all the restaurants close—at 9 p.m., yet. The bars, of course, had been shut all day. John Ryan walked into a hotel room where three members of the troupe were entertaining a couple of Akron residents. "Is it true the restaurants and bars are all closed?" Ryan asked. "It's always that way on Sunday in Ohio," a local lady replied. "Why don't you burn it down?" Ryan asked darkly, and left.

By Wednesday everybody was ready to burn down Akron and Canton, if

only to dry them up. Butts had a proposal: "Are you willing to skip Latrobe and go for Frederick tomorrow?" he asked the pilots. There were a few in-drawn breaths. This meant a 240-mile shot across those mountains. In a hangar session before Butts' question, A.J. had reminisced: "I flew down from Elmina to West Virginia once, and the only thing that kept me up the last two hours was sheer fear." Ross Bruehl broke the silence: "I'll go—can't do any worse than crash in the Appalachians." Slowly, all the pilots nodded assent. They had a strong motivation—with skill and good luck, one of them might be able to overtake Mojo Scott, assuming of course that he had had luck. By now Scott's lead had stretched to 680 points. He had 6,950, with Bruehl second at 6,270, Ryan third at 6,262, Smith fourth at 6,199, Bickle fifth at 6,101 and Enevoldsen last at 6,015.

On Thursday, May 18, a day behind Smirnoff's original schedule, the vodka warriors took off after a chilling briefing: "There is heavy ground fog in Pittsburgh. In the west Appalachians the tops are clear, in the east they are obscured." About all any of the pilots could do, Ed Butts said, was "fly over there and eyeball your way through."

Most of them, as noted earlier, didn't make it beyond the lower slopes. Crafty old Paul Bickle, working the ridge lifts around Altoona, got all the way to Everett, Pa., far enough to boost him from fifth to second ("Wait till I get these guys back East!"). But it was Wally Scott—flying through thunderstorms that sent bolts of lightning crashing down to the turnpike—who Mojoed his way past the Alleghenies and into the soft, benign hills of Maryland. He came down at Hagerstown airport a little before 6:30 p.m.—the winner and grand champion. When the Scott crew arrived at 7:10, Boots flew into his arms. A minute or two later she was able to say: "This is one retrieval I don't mind makin'." Smirnoff, or maybe Wally, had left her breathless, too.

But the final note of class was given the transcontinental Smirnoff Sailplane Derby by A.J. Smith. When the Caproni sank near Ligonier, A.J. utteringly maneuvered it onto a green meadow flanking a castle of a house. A half hour later he was inside eating duck, in black-cherry sauce with one of the heirs to the Mellon fortune.

END



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Despite its skeptics, the practice of acupuncture has produced several satisfied customers in sport. One day soon we may all be yelling . . .

QUICK, NAGAYAMA, THE NEEDLE

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Most trainers and team physicians in this country either know nothing about acupuncture or are against it, or both. The great majority of American medical men and athletes alike still scoff, if they have heard of them, at the notions of Yin, Yang and Ching Lo (though they have no difficulty accepting Ping-Pong). It is not likely to happen soon that someone in a dugout will yell "Stick it in his ear!" and a sore-armed pitcher sitting beside him will say, "That reminds me, I see by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that the German Society of Acupuncture reports 'amazingly rapid remissions brought about in cases of long-standing severe rheumatic pain by insertion of needles into the external ear and leaving them *in situ* for periods varying from 10 minutes to six hours.'"

But at least seven prominent U.S.-based athletes have recently had needles inserted into various of their alleged Ching Lo points, and most of them have reported that it made them feel somewhat better. Certainly the claimed applications of acupuncture are relevant to many of the most common and frustrating ailments. The question of acupuncture in sports warrants poking into.

Eons ago, the story goes, Chinese warriors found that when they were pierced by arrows in certain parts of their anatomy they felt better (than they had before) in other places. Early Chinese medicine men kept track of these puncture points, described by 12 Ching Lo channels or meridians connecting them all, and eventually substituted needles for arrows, explaining the whole system according to the Yin-Yang theory of Taoist philosophy. Thus acupuncture, along with various herbal remedies, became the foundation of traditional Chinese medicine.

Over the centuries acupuncture spread in various forms throughout Asia. Within the last 30 or 40 years it has attained some status in Russia, England, Germany and especially France, where an estimated 600 practitioners give more than a million treatments a year. Several French hospitals permit acupuncture to be prescribed and administered.

Then last year, thanks to Ping-Pong, Americans began to visit China. James Reston of *The New York Times* had post-appendectomy pain relieved by acupuncture, and several prominent U.S. doctors came back impressed by such anesthesiological sights as that of an acupuncture patient chatting and eating a can of fruit while his chest was cut open. The President's personal orthopedist reported seeing acupuncture used to cure the Chinese equivalent of tennis elbow.

In New York and elsewhere acupuncture research projects are being set up. Some responsible U.S. medical men are beginning to believe not only that acupuncture can work but also that the way it works may not be all that inscrutable. Pain-suffering U.S. athletes—including such notable patients as Willie McCovey and Sam McDowell of the San Francisco Giants—are beginning to add it to the list of remedies they will try.

On the other hand, the prevailing attitude in the athletic training room is one of skepticism. "I predict that acupuncture will have a growth in popularity and then fall off," says Baltimore Colt Trainer Ed Block. "It's similar to these fad diets." But Block concedes that the points at which acupuncturists insert needles might be the same as the "trigger areas, the referred areas of pain," which he has mapped out on a chart and which he treats with massage and ice.

"We do not use acupuncture, have not and do not anticipate using it," says Philadelphia Eagle Trainer G. E. (Moose) Dett. Still, in 1956 Dett saw a Taiwanese runner's pulled hamstring—an injury that is liable to keep an Eagle out for two or three weeks—cured in a few days with acupuncture, and ever since Dett has been collecting literature on the subject. He has a large acupuncture library that includes a copy of *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*, written over 2,000 years ago. But most of Dett's books are in French or Chinese, neither of which he can read.

Ed Lothamer, the 270-pound defensive tackle for the Kansas City Chiefs, lost his skepticism altogether. Lothamer had no idea that he would soon be decorated with gold and silver needles, silver halls, inked Xs and pink tape when he first met Dr. Kunzo Nagayama, president of the Pain Control Institute of Kyoto, Japan, who was in Kansas City visiting a chiropractor friend, Dr. Richard D. Yennie. Lothamer, who spends a good deal of time at Dr. Yennie's judo-karate school, had been suffering stiffness and recurrent pain in his lower back for some eight months—ever since he felt something snap there while he was lifting 500 pounds from a squat. And recent bouts with the flu had left him with a low energy level, commonly known as the blahs. Drs. Nagayama and Yennie suggested he try acupuncture.

"I was skeptical about it," Lothamer says. "But then I decided, why not? First Dr. Nagayama said he wanted to take my pulse. 'Take off your shirt,' he told me.

"It turned out he wanted to take my pulse not on my wrist but at various places on my back. He patted it all over



DR. NAGAYAMA EQUALIZES YIN AND YANG IN TACKLE ED LOTHAMER'S FOREARM

and said I had good circulation in my upper back but that it wasn't so good down lower."

Dr. Nagayama concluded that the flow of vital energy in the Ching Lo meridian associated with the lower back had to be stimulated. The classical and possibly sexist Chinese diagnosis would be that there was too much Yin, or feminine, negative static energy down there, clogging up the spiritual works, and

therefore some Yang, or masculine, positive, dynamic energy had to be stirred up to restore the balance.

"He started by sticking one needle into my hand," reports Lothamer. "I hardly felt it. Then he began probing my back with his hands and every time he'd find a spot where I reacted because of soreness he'd mark an X on it with a pen. He marked about 25 places and then he picked out 20 of them and be-

gan inserting needles. They looked like they were made of gold and silver and were about the size of the filament in a light bulb. I hardly felt them going in. He left them in for from three to five minutes, occasionally vibrating them.

"Next he put two larger needles in my back and drew about two centimeters of blood. He withdrew these needles and where they had gone in he placed two small silver balls, taping them in place with small squares of pink tape. He told me to leave the balls in place for three days but didn't explain why. Next he put needles in each of my calves and one in each ankle. Then he put one in the middle of my stomach and when he took that one out later he taped one of the silver balls where the needle had made a small hole. After that he put three needles in each of my arms. While he was inserting one of them in the outer side of my right forearm I suddenly felt my whole right hand go dead. This sort of upset me but he said this effect was perfectly normal."

Also normal, according to advocates of acupuncture, were the effects that Lothamer says he began to feel shortly after the removal of the needles. His energy returned, and it has remained. He now feels "more circulation in my back than I've had for years. My back has taken quite a beating in four years of college and eight years of pro ball and for a long time that area hadn't felt very much alive." Lothamer finds that he no longer feels stiff in the morning if he lies the wrong way at night, and whereas he used to tighten up after jogging half a mile, he can go nearly 10 miles now with no trouble. Lothamer thinks that pro teams should try acupuncture.

Chi Cheng, the world's fastest woman except for pain, cannot give acupuncture such high marks. For several months she had suffered unbearably in her thighs when she tried to sprint. The condition had been diagnosed as acute tendinitis or bursitis, but Western medicine failed to improve it. In March Chi Cheng returned to her native Taiwan for treatment by traditional Chinese medicine.

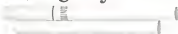
She did not expect this to include acupuncture, which she had already undergone fruitlessly eight times in California with a woman doctor named Wu. But

Continued

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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

ACUPUNCTURE

after two sessions a day for two weeks with a Chinese specialist in massage and osteopathic manipulation failed to help her, she was referred to Dr. Chin Pao-Ts, who stuck a dozen needles, some several inches long, into her hands, legs and lower back.

When the doctor inserted the needles, and when he twirled them occasionally before removing them half an hour later, Chi Cheng found the pain "excruciating." She reacted similarly to a murky-looking herbal liquid that he gave her to drink. This potion smelled so bad that she could swallow only half of it, while holding her nose, and then she vomited. *Shades of Rosemary's Baby.* A second acupuncture was scheduled, but by the next day Chi Cheng had decided to forgo it. "They say it shouldn't hurt," she said, "but I call it my Chinese torture."

Dr. Chin was not easily put off. He argued that the distress she had complained of was not really pain but "*zuan rang*"—an aching or feeling of electricity caused by stimulating the nerves, which he said is a necessary part of the cure. Chi Cheng said she did not know about *zuan rang* but her pain was severe. When the doctor insisted that part of the problem—aside from the wasted potion—was her inability to distinguish between pain and *zuan rang*, Chi Cheng told her American husband, Vince Reel, in English, "These people really know how to talk. They should be politicians." At length she decided to have a muscle removed from her thigh.

Acupuncturists in Taiwan claim good results in treating athletes' ankle sprains, but Reel believes that the Chinese doctors failed to appreciate Chi Cheng's problem because they are unfamiliar with the tremendous strain placed on the body by world-class athletic training and performance. At any rate, Chi Cheng's experience would indicate that acupuncture is not likely to send Willis Reed and Joe Namath scampening like boys onto the basketball courts or playing fields again.

What little literature exists about acupuncture in English is enough to establish that there is no real consensus about what it will cure—or even about how many acupuncture points there are: figures range from 365, one for each day of the year, to over 1,000. But few of its proponents claim that it can quickly repair serious anatomical damage, such

as broken bones or ravaged cartilage. It is supposed to be effective against tendonitis, bursitis, arthritis and other complaints that afflict athletic joints, but then so, to some extent, is cortisone. Cortisone helped Sandy Koufax, but he still had to retire—not because arthritis cramped his style but because doctors told him that if he kept on pitching his arm could be permanently crippled.

If the pain in a pitcher's elbow or a sprinter's thigh is straightforwardly telling him or her that the tissues can't take the strain much longer, there is no reason to believe acupuncture can make it well. What it might do is reduce the pain and swelling, allowing the injured part to resume its normal function—and perhaps hasten a cure if the athlete takes it easy. But, like cortisone or novocaine, acupuncture might also get him through a game, a series or a season by overriding the body's warning signal—pain—which could increase the damage if he goes all out.

And yet acupuncture did Lothamer good. Last spring it helped Sam McDowell, then of Cleveland. "The muscles of my left shoulder have a tendency to tighten up because of inactivity during the winter," McDowell says. "It takes two to three weeks of hard work to break the adhesions and loosen up the arm. Last spring because I was so late going to camp I didn't have time to follow my normal routine." So when Tokyo's Lottie Onions came to play an exhibition against the Indians, McDowell asked their trainer for some needlework. "The next day, believe me, the arm was as loose as it ever had been. Amazing, really."

Many skeptics react to such reports as McDowell's in the manner of Dr. Robert Kerlan, the orthopedic surgeon who has treated Koufax, Reed and nearly every other big-name athlete with severe joint problems. "I'd hate to call Sam hysterical," Kerlan said, "but his [recurrent arm] problem seems to be complicated by a definite psychological overlay. A highly suggestible individual will respond to any concept at least for a while. I don't think Reed or even Koufax falls into that category."

A similar reaction is that of Dr. Theodore Fox, another orthopedic surgeon who is team physician of the Chicago Bears: "Acupuncture, I believe, has no scientific validity, but is a form of hypnosis . . . like a posthypnotic suggestion

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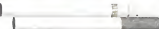
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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

when a person is awakened and told that his headache is gone. Take the case of a chronic worrier, who develops peptic ulcers because of increasing his peptic juices and acidity. His mind, not his body, is causing the problem. If you tell such a man, athlete or not, that you'll stick a needle in his arm and that another part of his body will cease to hurt... he could believe it."

Well, the San Francisco Giants, because they have trained the last two springs with Japan's Lotte Orions, have been exposed to acupuncture more than any other U.S. team. Chris Speier thinks acupuncture helped his back spasms. Juan Marchal thinks it helped his arm. Jerry Johnson thinks it helped his elbow. Willie McCovey won't talk about his leg problems anymore, and his recent broken arm has temporarily mooted the issue, but he submitted to acupuncture this spring for pains in his hip. McCovey does not seem the suggestible type. As a matter of fact, acupuncture is less popular in Japan now than before World War

II. American medical experts on the staff of General Douglas MacArthur were so horrified upon encountering the practice during the occupation that they had to be talked out of outlawing it, and Western medicine has become more fashionable than Eastern in Japan in recent years. Yoshitada Konomi, the chief trainer of the Tokyo Giants, is flatly opposed to acupuncture, although he is qualified to perform it and his father was among the best acupuncturists in the country. "I insist on going the American way in treating our boys," he says. "I feel I must. After all, baseball was born in America, you know."

But the practice retains considerable stature in Japan. During the 1964 Olympics Japan's great gymnast Yukio Endo, began suddenly to suffer acute shoulder-muscle pains. A top acupuncturist treated Endo in the locker room and he recovered to win a gold medal. And most Japanese baseball trainers get out their needles fairly often, at players' requests to relieve sore forearms,

elbows, shoulders and wrists. Pitchers most often ask for acupuncture. One day in 1963 pitching ace Noboru Akiyama of the Taiyo Whales failed to finish a single inning because of fierce elbow pains. The next day, after the Whales' trainer applied acupuncture, Akiyama went nine innings and won. Japanese pitching arms, by the way, are noted for their endurance and resilience in comparison to American. When Alvin Dark was manager of the Giants, his own bursitis was so improved by two acupuncture treatments that he wanted to hire a Japanese specialist for the team, but he was talked out of it by American doctors.

Maybe all these sporting figures, East and West, felt better after acupuncture just because they thought they did. But the Chinese are using acupuncture to anesthetize animals. There are no recorded instances of hunting dogs or racehorses being prepared for their sport by acupuncture, but Dr. Jacques Milm, a leading French acupuncturist, claims to have cured paralysis in dachshunds and

continued

Meet Dr. Sam



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QUESTOR

chronic pulmonary emphysema in the horses of France's national police.

Maybe these were highly suggestive dachshunds and police horses, but the distinction drawn by Drs. Kerlan and Fox between mind-induced and body-induced pain is one that means less and less to current pain researchers. The mind is always involved in pain in a number of ailments that contemporary flesh—athletic or sedentary—is increasingly heir to. One French acupuncturist says that his practice is "the medicine of the future, because it deals so effectively with the ills of civilization." These ills include insomnia, constipation, sexual impotence, minor neuroses, asthma, sinusitis, arthritis, migraine and sciatica. And no doubt a great many post-Iron-man-McGinny sore arms.

All these complaints entail mental stress, but that doesn't mean they are imaginary. Nor does it necessarily mean that any effect acupuncture might have on them is the same effect that any placebo advertised as a panacea might have.

There are scientific grounds for believing that acupuncture is more than mumbo jumbo. Some experiments have shown, for instance, that electrical resistance is lower at acupuncture points than at other points on the skin. And researchers hypothesize that stimulation of the Ching Lo is actually stimulation of the nervous system, or of those nerve fibers that transmit sensations other than pain. According to one recent medical article, Professor Kim Bonghan of Korea even claims to have discovered "groups of egg-shaped cells at acupuncture points that are united to one another by bundles of hollow tubular cells corresponding to the meridians. These tubular cells also connect the acupuncture points to the internal organs. If the bundles of tubular cells are divided, stimulation of the acupuncture points has no effect." Professor Bonghan calls this a fourth system of communication—the others being nervous, vascular (blood) and lymphatic.

No one, even in China, has come up with an accepted scientific explanation for acupuncture's methodology, but it might not be too outlandish to consider the Yin-Yang explanation as partly valid; that needle-twisting restores a balanced state of tension in the body's energies. Modern theorists suggest that "the ills of civilization" are caused by, in one specialist's phrase, "maladaptation

of the body to stress," a kind of psychic overkill. If bodily distress is caused or characterized by ill-organized (perhaps bunched-up) tension within the tissues, and if tension is transmitted by the nervous system or some other bodily conduit, then it seems conceivable that acupuncture can have at least some therapeutic and anesthetic value.

No one has ever done chest surgery with any sort of rubdown as anesthesia, but massage has long been an integral part of medicine in China. When Marilyn Monroe came down with severe stomach cramps during her Tokyo honeymoon with Joe DiMaggio, DiMaggio called one-time acupuncture patient Lefty O'Doul. O'Doul sent over a Japanese doctor who gave Mrs. Monroe's abdomen almost immediate ease by pressing with his thumbs at the right spot between her shoulder blades. The doctor himself left somewhat agitated, having been "profoundly moved by her loveliness." Science cannot explain how massage works.

Nor—points out Dr. Frank Z. Warren of New York's Postgraduate Center for Mental Health—can science explain how aspirin works. All that American doctors know is that aspirin does relieve such things as headache and peripheral pains of arthritis, so they prescribe it. And it sometimes has harmful side effects. "Acupuncture is Chinese aspirin," says Dr. Warren. "Of the two, I would choose acupuncture."

Dr. Warren, a former anesthesiologist now in psychiatric practice, is chairman of a committee appointed by New York Health Commissioner Joseph Cimino to study acupuncture. One purpose of the committee is to end the type of acupuncture practice that flourishes in New York's Chinatown—often in the hands of people who do not sterilize their needles and who turn out to have been laundresses or investment bankers back in Hong Kong. When one acupuncturist is asked about another, Dr. Warren says, he is likely to reply, "Oh, he fine man, but he no acupuncturist."

No one, says Dr. Warren, should go around sticking needles in people without long training in the art, and he can advise no one to submit to acupuncture without first trying everything orthodox medicine has to offer and then consulting a doctor. But new research seems to indicate that acupuncture will prove more than a fad, Warren says, and he

has himself had an old knee injury relieved by a Chinatown needle man. A piece of cartilage popped out of place when he was playing high school football, and from time to time it pops back out, causing considerable pain, swelling and immobility. Always before, he had to go easy on the knee for two weeks, as the swelling first enabled the cartilage to slip back into place and then slowly went back down. With acupuncture the same natural healing process took only a couple of days.

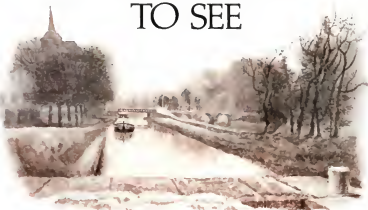
"When the body is injured," Dr. Warren explains, "histamines are discharged, starting a chain reaction that makes the pain worse." In other words, the body—even without the aid of hypochondria—overreacts or maladapt to stress. It has been found that acupuncture somehow interrupts the reflex-arc of the pain, disperses the histamines and keeps the inflammation to a minimum. Cortisone has a similar effect. But cortisone also has side effects—last year when Tony Conigliaro was having "emotional problems" as a California Angel, it was observed that he had just undergone cortisone treatment, which sometimes produces emotional confusion.

"This country is too drug-oriented," says Dr. Warren. "Any procedure that will reduce the introduction of toxic foreign agents into the body is to the good. Acupuncture could knock out 90% of the inappropriate drug usage in the Western world. I'm for that."

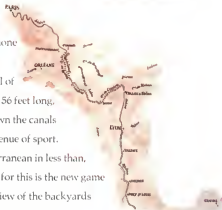
A good deal of what is believed in the East about acupuncture, Dr. Warren feels, "has its roots in mythology." But he has seen the effects of acupuncture on his knee—and on people who could not be helped with Western methods. "What will develop here," he says, "is American acupuncture. It won't be limited by notions about gold and silver needles. It will use sanitary, disposable needles. The acupuncture developed here will be as Chinese as chop suey. Which is not Chinese, but it works."

So acupuncture might eventually make its way into the mainstream of U.S. sports medicine without translators having to translate the Yellow Emperor's book or fool around with little silver balls or get into embarrassing conversations with an athlete about his Yin and Yang. They might want to remember that term the acupuncturist pulled on Chi Cheng, though: "Your arm don't hurt, that's just a little *tsan yang*." END

SAIL A SLOW BOAT TO SEE



No race-rigged sails bellied out in a sharp wind off Newport, no pitching foredeck; none of that. This is calm adventure, still lifes passing one by one beneath the beamy hull of the good ship "Trout." A strange craft this, 56 feet long, 12 feet wide, a barge. But bound south down the canals of France, she is sailing a leisurely, new avenue of sport. Anyone who makes the run to the Mediterranean in less than, oh, say, seven weeks, is out of the contest, for this is the new game of tourists who play it for serenity and a view of the backyards of Europe. There is wine, there is time, and life imitates art.





Unreeling images like a strip of film across the mind, Artist Gorsline projects the cruise of the "Trout" in



panoramic style. Opening with a frosty morning along the Canal de Briare (on page at left), he glides



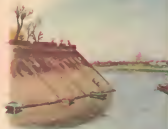
past majesty and minutia: a cathedral, its buttresses flying, ancient stonework, arching bridges, a town that



crowns a hill. Then he adds the interplay of the route: barge to barge and, of course, café to café.



The town of Herry, seen in profile from canal-side.



Like obedient pets leashed to trees, barges wait at a lock.



Passings: some afloat, some a/cycle.



Passings: some personal, and stoic.



Passings: some professional, as at Chalon gate.



A lock—one of 174—the waterway's key.



Even the names adopt the rhythms of the voyage, as the Rhone meets



the Saône. Castles loom and recede, the waters widen and the journey becomes



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Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	5
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 90	57 81	49 70
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 74	57 81	62 89
END RESULT	164	162	159
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti TS 771, steel fabric (158)	9th, Phoenix P 110 T1, fabric (132)
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147)	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131)
6th, Conti TS 714, fabric (137)	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131)
6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137)	12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130)
8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136)	13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128)

NOTE: Since these test results were published, we understand that the Conti TS 771 and the Metzeler Monza Steel have been changed; also that Phoenix and Pirelli have introduced new steel-belted radials. However, Auto Zeitung Magazine has not yet compared these tires with the Uniroyal 180.

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This tire is being produced in the United States.



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Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report? Send 25c to Dept. GP5, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



Over the past 20 years, before crowds large and small, Tom Von Ruden has played many great scenes and a humilitating variety of minor roles. Considering his gypsy past and his vagrant taste for games, it is hard to believe that he is now an accomplished specialist, a middle-distance runner of renown and a virtual certainty to make the U.S. Olympic team in the 1,500.

Today there are 19 active middle-distance runners from 10 countries who have run faster miles or 1,500 meters than Von Ruden, whose personal bests are 3:56.9 and 3:38.5, respectively. At one time or another, here or there, Von Ruden has raced against 16 of them. He has beaten most of them and has been beaten by almost as many. "Among runners of equal ability and conditioning," he says, "it comes down to who wants it the most, and the only thing I know, when it comes to competing or winning in the Olympics, there will be nobody who wants it more than me." In March, Von Ruden won the first major outdoor mile of the season in 3:57.8, beating a good field that included Jim Ryun, the world-record holder. Seven weeks later, at the Kansas Relays, Von Ruden ran only one-tenth of a second slower, but Ryun was six yards in front. He realizes that on a given day, no one really knows.

Von Ruden, 27, is a command performer who barely looks the part. In street clothes he seems quite bookish. Outside the arena, there is nothing in his manner to suggest that he is an Olympian (ninth in the 1,500 in 1968) and a Pan-American 1,500-meter champion (1967), who in his checkered past also played basketball well, football desperately and baseball without distinction. Although he long ago proved he is the odd sort of scrapper who likes to carry the ball up the middle on third and 20, in his ordinary blue eyes there is no

such spark. On the grounds of Oklahoma State University, where he trains and sometimes studies for his master's in physics ed., Von Ruden poses easily as just another intent soul. I like or not, anyone guessing at a glance would figure him to be a scholar involved in the esoteric derivations of Planck's constant or the life cycle of the leaf-cutter bee.

Until six years ago, Von Ruden prospered in obscurity. In Oklahoma, a state largely devoted to its homegrown and imported football beef, he still runs without attracting much attention. If Von Ruden should ever win the Dream Mile of All Time, beating Kip Keino and Ryun and Marty Liquori and all his peers in one race, the Oklahoma press would probably give him some notice—about as much as a halfback like Greg Pruitt can get any day by simply tripping over a water bucket.

Along the vagabond trail of his youth, some people remember Von Ruden very well and others not at all. In Notus, Idaho, the speck-sized town where Von Ruden spent his last two years of high school, a longtime resident insists, "Nobody named Von Ruden ever lived here that I know of." In a bar in Notus a rancher explodes in disbelief. "Are you telling me that the Von Ruden I see running on television is the same Von Ruden boy who lived back of the cafe and played basketball for the high school?"

The people of Notus who knew him best do remember that he was a running boy. According to current gospel in Notus, young Tom Von Ruden trained almost every day the year around, running on roads and the shoulder of the Union Pacific tracks, and jumping fences from pasture to pasture. In order to train on a real track it is said he often ran seven miles to the town of Caldwell, and, after working on the cinders there, sometimes ran back to Notus.

According to Von Ruden, he did once

run from Caldwell to Notus, but never covered 14 miles round trip. "Running back from Caldwell felt like a marathon," he recalls. "I stopped and walked three times." Actually, in his Notus years he ran only in the spring and rarely covered more than four miles a day. In his workouts, it is true, he did jump fences. Jim Baxter, his best school chum, explains, "Tom came to Notus from around Los Angeles, and he was a little awed by cows. Sometimes when they came toward him, he would head for the fence."

Even now, after four years of hard campaigning, beating and being beaten by the best, when Von Ruden goes to the mark in a big arena he seems a trifle brittle for the job. He is muscular but small-boned and finely wired. He looks like a thoroughbred that could easily break down, but he has the record of a Percheron. As a 15-year-old at San Gabriel High School in California he suffered a muscle spasm in a 660-yard run and had to lay off for a month (he spent the recuperative period high-jumping and took second place in the Class C division in a California regional meet). In the 12 years since the muscle spasm,



FOR WANT OF A SHOE A RACE WAS...

... won. In this case. Since Tom Von Ruden is one of the best middle-distance runners, he usually is a shoe-in

by COLES PHINIZY

he has run nearly 500 races and has never come unstrung physically or emotionally. He has dropped out of only three events: a two-mile that came too soon after he had run a half mile; a mile that he tried too soon after influenza; and a 1,000-yard run he attempted after eating a bad bowl of chowder.

In the cryptic log that Von Ruden keeps, there is a surfeit of gloom. After a long day of roadwork he records, "gas pains at two miles." After a day of hard interval work he notes, "tired mentally, sore physically." On days when he has run commendable races he reports, "felt terrible—dizzy, weak and tingly" and "no desire, no kick." Although the log suggests that he is ready for the junk pile—or a psychiatrist—Von Ruden runs on, fit and eager. Last summer he ran eight races in 17 days in four European countries, losing only once and climaxing the whirl in Aarhus, Denmark, where he recorded the 3:38.5 for 1,500 meters, his best performance ever.

In his running style he resembles the

graceful old fletcher, John Landy of Australia, but only superficially. Von Ruden has more bounce and far more speed. In a pinch he can pour it on. He has run a quarter-mile relay leg as fast as Ryun (46.9) and 800 meters in 1:46.8. This past winner, at distances from a half to a whole mile, on tight indoor tracks where elbows and brawling speed count, Von Ruden won 10 of 12 starts. In one 1,000-yard run he was disqualified for trying to hulk his way past Ralph Dossell, the Olympic 800-meter champion. His only real defeat came in San Francisco, where he lost a mile run by three-tenths of a second to Keino, the Olympic 1,500-meter gold medalist.

Although he is aiming for the Games, Von Ruden is not the kind of superserious moth that could ever be consumed by such a flame. In him there is a small and constant font of self-derision. He takes the edge off losing and tarnishes his best moments with a light, almost careless laugh. Remembering a 1,500-

out of gas." Sorting through the track records he has held and may be still does, Von Ruden says, "I probably still hold the American 1,000-yard outdoor record because nobody has run the event since." Remembering a high school victory in the decathlon, he relates, "For some reason the triple jump was one of the events, and nobody had practiced it except me. I won the decathlon." Again he laughs. "But it was not a good effort. I high-jumped higher than I pole-vaulted."

In the press Von Ruden has been described as "unassuming" and "reticent." He is unassuming, and, in the hour before a race—when reporters often approach him—he prefers to stay within himself and concentrate. In his off-hours he gabs easily. Philosophically, Von Ruden is a throwback, an old-time amateur still doing fine in a world that has forgotten the origin of the word. In a



meter race against the veteran Jean Wadoux and 11 other flying Frenchmen on ancient cinders in Paris, he says with a laugh, "I kept passing Frenchmen. With 220 to go I caught Wadoux. With 80 to go I was on his shoulder. Then I ran

more gracious day he would have been known as a "good all-rounder," ready for any game with archaic disregard for the stakes or the condition of the venue or his own talents. At 17, when rivals such as Ryun and Liqueur were dedicated to the middle distances, Von Ruden was still a man of all seasons.

continued

A BLISTERING PACE enabled Von Ruden to overtake Jean Wadoux in indoor 1,000 at L.A.

taking each game in its proper time.

He was not good at baseball and disliked it, but he played. "For half of every inning you sit on the bench," he says, "and for the other you stand in center field. About the time your muscles tighten up, somebody hits the ball, and you run after it."

Casting about for something kind to say about Von Ruden's baseball career, Karl Elliott, who coached him at Notus High School, observes, "Tom was a beautiful base runner. At such times as he got on base." At Notus High, Von Ruden worked his batting average up to .167 by beating out infield hits. His only lingering regret is that in all his times at bat before he quit the game, he never hit a ball to the outfield—even one that was caught.

Though devoted to running now, in spirit Von Ruden is still unconfined. Ralph Tate, the present Oklahoma State coach, maintains, "Tom will try anything, anywhere. If you put him on sand, he will run. Put him on rocks, and he'll run on rocks. He is a competitor." In his grammar school days in Montana, Von Ruden won and lost 50-yard dashes on tough sod that God created for buffalo to trample. Four years ago, when he was old enough to know better, he ran his first full marathon in Colorado at an altitude of 7,500 feet, in thin air that God intended for Kenyans and Ethiopians. In the past 20 years at—shall we say—intermediate distances from 90 yards to 10,000 meters, Von Ruden has set quite a few bizarre records that are of no interest to conventional statisticians but are certain testament of his love.

How many Olympians have ever started a major race with one foot on the track and the other off? How many have ever run and won a race with one shoe off and one shoe on? Von Ruden has done both. In his epic 1,500 against 12 flying Frenchmen in Paris, he got the 13th starting position from the pole, but, alas, the track was barely wide enough for 12. The outermost Frenchman, a model of politesse, inched over enough to let Von Ruden get his left foot on

the track. In Los Angeles last February in a 1,000, somebody's spikes tore Von Ruden's left shoe off. Running on a bare foot, Von Ruden managed to hang onto the pace—which was literally blistering him—and in the stretch beat out an old rival, Juras Lurns, by half a stride.

How many collegiate milers have ever doubled in the triple jump and tripled in the high jump in big-time competition? In addition to his middle-distance duties Von Ruden also scored for Oklahoma State in both jumps in dual meets and twice placed in the triple jump (his personal best: 46' 2") at the Big Eight championships. Often, before complet-



VON RUDEN GREW BEARD WHILE TRAINING FOR THE OLYMPICS

ing his jumps, he would have to run the mile. He maintains that he usually triple-jumped better after the mile, when logically his legs should be rubbery. Ralph Higgins, who coached Von Ruden at Oklahoma State, used to broad-jump after running the 440 in the old South-west Conference shortly after the birth of Christ. "Trying to triple-jump after a hard mile is not something I ordinarily recommend," Higgins says, remembering his own rubber legs, "but then Tom is not an ordinary boy."

Is there any man of Von Ruden's caliber—indeed, is there any running fool—who has ever won a half mile and come

back 40 minutes later to run two of the four legs on a mile-relay team? For want of competition in the years since his eligibility expired, Von Ruden has often taken part in college meets as an added starter whose points do not count. In April of 1970, after unofficially winning the half mile in a dual meet between Oklahoma State and Wichita State, Von Ruden was still full of run. In conspiracy with a redshirted Wichita runner, he tried to make up a mile-relay team. They could find only one other sidelined man willing to try, so Von Ruden led off the relay and also anchored it. On his final leg, instead of pacing himself with regard to the 49-second lead-

off lap he had run barely a minute and a half before, he tried to stay up with the fresh anchor man and failed spectacularly. With 150 yards to go, Von Ruden was no longer full of run. "I was seeing black spots," he recalls. "Black spots and white flashes." He finished his anchor leg in 59.2 seconds, good time for 11-year-olds.

How many world-class milers have ever run 100 yards in 9.3? Two years ago in an all-comers meet in South Lake Tahoe, Calif., Von Ruden did, necking out a classy 9.9 high school sprinter. Regrettably, his spectacular clocking will never get into the record book. When the course was remeasured, it turned out to be only 90 yards—a double embarrassment to Von Ruden since he was also one of the meet officials.

Because his father, Mathew, was a teacher, coach, principal and school superintendent—and always on the move—Tom Von Ruden, who was born in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, spent most of his boyhood in small Montana towns: in Polson and Harrison; in Brockton on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation; and in Ronan, on the old Kicking Horse Reservation. His father recalls: "In the school at Brockton there were only Tom and two other non-Indian boys, and Tom thought he was an Indian. When they played cowboys and Indians after school, there were always too many Indians. Some of the real Indians had to pretend they were cowboys. Tom would

continued

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They chose a Chrysler.



I've always been impressed by Chryslers. The way they look, the way they're built. But I was even more impressed after I heard what the Airstream trailer people did. They towed an Airstream trailer with a Chrysler station wagon around the clock, seven days a week in a test that ran for 30,000 miles. They didn't just drive it around a paved track either, they drove it over all kinds of roads. Their test track has dirt roads, cobblestones, and patch pavement as well as the smooth stuff. After they finished resting at the track, they put on another 10,000 miles towing trailers up and down the West Coast and all the way down to Mexico City and back.



This is part of the road down near San Antonio, Texas where they ran the test. The whole idea was to give the trailers a durability test. It wasn't too easy on the station wagon either. But the wagon came through with only normal maintenance, even after it hauled trailers over roads like the one in the picture.



I drive a Chrysler Town & Country wagon. So I know how posh it is and how well it handles on the road. I even have the trailer-towing extras. That's so I can tow my Palomino stallions around the country for exhibitions. Believe me, I could ride in that wagon all day and still be comfortable. Another thing I like the way they build the Chrysler wagon. For example, it's got torsion-bar suspension. Chrysler Corporation is the only one in America to put this kind of suspension on its station wagons. The others all have coil springs. I also like the idea that Chryslers are welded in places where other car makers use bolts. I never heard of a weld coming unscrewed.

The whole idea behind Chrysler is this: build a car that's not only big and comfortable, build a car that will work better and last longer than any you've ever built before. That's what the Chrysler people want to be famous for. And that's what I think the American public wants, right? Chrysler sums it up with this slogan:

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CHRYSLER



come home, scratched up and his clothes torn, and tell his mother, 'The whiteskins beat us again.'"

After his parents were divorced Von Ruden left Harrison to live with his mother in an enclave of Greater Los Angeles called Rosemead. From seventh grade in Harrison to seventh in Rosemead was an abrupt transition. In Harrison, Von Ruden had been one of two seventh-graders. To put together a basketball team for the junior high league the boys of Harrison had to join up with kids from the neighboring town of Pony. By contrast, when he migrated to California, each of the seven seventh-grade classrooms of Muscatel Junior High School in Rosemead had its own basketball team. As a 9-year-old in a Cub Scout meet in Polson, Mont., Von Ruden competed in his first organized footrace, a quarter mile, which he won although he walked partway. He won most of his races in Montana, on cinders or sod, but when he got to Muscatel Junior High, first time out of the gate he was beaten on a 50-yard dash by three kids from his own classroom.

By the start of his sophomore year in California, Von Ruden was concentrating on basketball and track and gradually getting somewhat better. Instead of football he ran cross-country to condition himself for basketball. In the spring he ignored baseball and spent his time running, jumping, hurdling and philandering around with the shotput. Then, barely a year after he started specializing, he made another abrupt transition and became an all-sports bum again. In the fall of 1960, when his father became superintendent of School District 135 in Idaho, Von Ruden emigrated from California to rejoin him in Notus (pop. 324).

When he returned to his father, Von Ruden planned to stay with basketball and track, but he soon saw that Notus High needed bodies willing to play anything. Counting runty freshmen, there were only 37 boys in school that year. Karl Elliott, who coached all sports at Notus in Von Ruden's day, remembers with a slight shudder, "Tom had come from a big California school where he played basketball and also track, a sport about which I knew almost nothing at the time. He was the son of the superintendent. He had a \$1,000 worth of braces on his teeth, but he wanted to play football."

In the first football game of Von Ru-

den's junior year Notus lost to New Plymouth 19-12. Thereafter, it was downhill. In the next five games Notus never scored while its bigger opponents piled up 40 points or more. Mathew Von Ruden threw three boys off the team for smoking. Two more were benched because of low grades, and others were maimed. The attrition was such that Notus had to forfeit its last two games because it could not field 11 men.

When he first went out for football, Von Ruden had planned to serve only as a specialist, a kicker perhaps, but by the second game he was playing offensive halfback and safety. "Playing full-time at Notus was more fun than sitting on the bench and watching your friends get killed," he maintains. "I liked offense. On defense there was usually too much action. I would see our line crumble and blockers coming at me. Sometimes the runner would trip over me and fail to score. My helmet was too big. When somebody hit me, a lot of times it would fly off, or the chin strap would catch on my nose, and I would get a bloody nose. Sometimes the helmet would spin around on my head, and I would end up on the ground looking out through one of the ear holes."

In Von Ruden's senior year Notus had a famous four-man track team. Although they could not win a local meet for lack of depth, the four wonder men won the Class B regional championship and took the Idaho state title against teams from Priest River, Gem, Soda Springs, Cullisac, Pocatello and other faraway towns. By the Idaho rules then an effect no high-schooler could run more than one race longer than 220 yards. As a consequence, Von Ruden, who could probably have scored a triple in the middle distances, ran the mile and a relay leg and high-jumped and long-jumped.

One of the four old wonder men, a Seattle graphics designer named Gary Shinn, remembers that he went out for track at Notus because baseball bored him. "I ran the 440," he says, "and led off the relay because I was pretty good out of the blocks, but Von Ruden and Clint Alley scored the points. Von Ruden always won the mile and usually the high jump, and Clint Alley always won the sprints."

Alley, now a teacher in Boise, remembers, "It was a barrel of laughs. Karl Elliott got a great stack of books out of a

library somewhere—on how to train and run and how to start. Bob Hayes, the Olympic runner, had developed a hunch start that year, and I tried it. Maybe it worked for Hayes, but it never worked for me. In the loose sand we practiced on in Notus the only way to get out of starting blocks was by shooting almost straight up in the air. Try anything else, and you went on your face."

Jim Baxter, the fourth wonder runner of Notus, remembers that he did not like to run. "I was a baseball man," he recalls. "But at a track meet that I went to watch, Von Ruden came up to me and said, 'Jim, you're running on the 800 relay.' I told him I'd never run any relay in my life, and Tom said, 'Don't worry. Gary Shinn will start and give us a big lead, and I'll give you a lead, and if you can stay within 10 yards of everybody who paves you on the third leg, Clint Alley will do the job.' Adrenaline, I guess, but nobody passed me. We whumped everybody and set some kind of record."

In 1962, in the last race of his senior year at Notus, Von Ruden ran his fastest mile: 4:35.9. Most probably 150 or 200 U.S. schoolboys ran faster that year. (In 1962, *Track & Field News* listed 16 high-schoolers who did better than 4:18.) Von Ruden never expected to get an athletic scholarship anywhere because of his mile times. The best of three modest offers he did receive was about \$400 a year from Oregon—and that was an academic scholarship.

In Notus, Von Ruden worked as night janitor at the district school. After his chores he often went onto the basketball court to practice shots and to play one-on-one and horse with Jim Baxter. Realizing that he was not deft enough to become a stunted wonder guard, he still hoped he might keep growing and get a basketball scholarship somewhere. But it was not in his stars. He stopped growing at 6' 1/2", and, despite having averaged 19.8 points per game, he was unnoticed.

He figured he would be able to attend some college by earning money and cashing in on his 94th grade average. He might well have ended up playing basketball and running 4:20 miles at a small school except that in the summer after his graduation from Notus there were two old track stars in conjunction in his heavens. In the two years that Von Ruden ran at Notus, Ralph Tate, the present coach at Oklahoma State, was



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VON RUDEN continues

working at the Class A high school in neighboring Caldwell. In his own active days as an understated halfback, high hurdler and long jumper, Tate had been a scrambler like Von Ruden. Tate was so impressed by Von Ruden that he called Ralph Higgins, who was then coaching at Oklahoma State, and said, "There's a boy up here named Von Ruden that you should take, and don't ask his times. He's never been proved, and he's never been spoiled. He is a runner of great expectations. Before he graduates, he'll break four flat and 1:48 for the half."

Although Higgins had only four full scholarships to give out a year, he took Von Ruden on faith— nothing down and four years to pay off. "I was upset for taking a 4:35 miler," Higgins says, "but was I wrong?" Not really. Before he graduated, Von Ruden had run the mile in 4:01 1/2, the half in 1:47.9.

Since returning to the hog time in Oklahoma, Von Ruden has fairly well lived up to the schedule he set for himself, with one exception. Long ago he decided he would not marry until he quit running. "Most women are as jealous of sports as they are of other women," he says to explain his pledge. On a blind date a year and a half ago Von Ruden met a Stillwater lass named Eleanor Keller, who taught music. A year ago they were married, and both Von Rudens believe the marriage works because track and music have a common requirement: lots of preparation for each brief performance. Eleanor Von Ruden, who now joys to keep fit, sums up their mutual adjustment: "We live a pretty normal life except that there are always a lot of sweat clothes lying around."

In one respect Von Ruden has come full circle this year. For want of a real track, he is working out on sod as he did of yore. The Oklahoma State stadium has been redesigned. To accommodate 22,000 more spectators, the track that encircled the football field has been eliminated. The new track outside the stadium is not yet finished, so in this important Olympic year Von Ruden is training on an old golf course studded with daisies and dandelion beds. He is philosophical. "Running on a track can become a monotony," he says. "Any quarter-mile run out here is worth a second, maybe two, on a good track." Herding the poet, he ignores the metaphorical woods and runs on, with miles to go and promises to keep.

END

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Titleist: the money ball

"Hey," said the publicity man, "I hear you got a farm." It was news to **Sammy Davis Jr.**, but confirmation came a few days later when bills began to arrive—\$6,000 for lumber, \$8,800 for yearlings. That, Davis told the House Select Committee on Crime last week, was the payoff on a proposition that had been put to him months before by a man he met through a nightclub acquaintance called Tommy. In exchange for the use of his name, Davis would get stock options in a New Jersey horse farm Davis forgot all about it until the invoices arrived. Told that Tommy was really **Gaetano (Corky) Vastolo**, a New Jersey crime figure, Davis observed, "I've met a lot of Tommys in the nightclub world."

• Perhaps trying to get **Wili Chamberlain's** greasewood stuff off his mind, **Jerry Lucas** plans to spend his summer working with smaller fry. The Knicks' center, whose big ambition is to become America's leading pestidigator, is all set to host a children's educational TV magic

show, on which he will do card tricks, mental gymnastics and memory feats. To this end, he's now memorizing *The Godfather* (he has already memorized 500 pages of the Manhattan phone book) and is perfecting more than 100 card tricks. They won't help him on the Knicks' plane next season, however; the team won't let him play cards with them anymore.

"I am a bloody wreck . . . for the last year all I have done is drank." With that testament, mercenary British soccer star **George Best** announced last week that he is quitting. As the game's most exciting modern player, Best said in a story from *Marbella, Spain* that he has been under constant pressure from cranks and "piggling girls who ring at 3 a.m." Soccer, said the 26-year-old athlete, has become work "instead of the sport I have always enjoyed and would play for nothing." But not, evidently, for less than nothing.

He was born in nineteen forty-three! And right away I knew he'd make history! Cause he opened his mouth on the day he was born, And instead of crying he said, "Move that pawn . . ."

So goes *The Ballad of Bobbie Fischer*, a new hillbilly-style LP that portrays the American chess genius as folk hero. Singer **Joe Glaser** and his backup group, the Pinchotwood Bobbys, depict **Boris Spassky** as already defeated and shipped off to Siberia, although the championship does not begin until July 2. On the flip side Joe sings *Pug-Pug Diplomacy*.

Would you drive in a weed-stock-car race with this man? Millionaire Country and Western Singer **Marty Robbins**, who likes to indulge his passion for speed despite a history of heart trouble, was down in Talladega, Ala. last month, driving his 1972 Dodge



in the Winston 500 Grand National stock-car race. Suddenly Robbins felt this surge of power and began steaming past the rest of the field at 190 mph. Accounting for the burst was a slipped carburetor sleeve, a device required by NASCAR to keep the befed-up stocks from getting out of hand, powerwise. Robbins knew the caper would get him a disqualification, but he said he couldn't resist the thrill and drove on to finish "I just wanted to see if I could handle 190 mph." And what if he couldn't?

That noise you hear from Munich these days is the sound of a housing crunch. Hotel space for the Olympic weeks of Aug. 26 to Sept. 10 has been sold out for months, and all those celebrities who gravitate toward important events aren't helping a bit. The Munich-bound showbiz contingent is headed by **Richard Burton** and **Liz Taylor**, the **Blag Crosby** family, **Steve McQueen** and **Kirk Douglas**. **John Connally** is coming out of Texas retirement to be on hand, as are the mayors of London, Paris, Rome, Athens and New York. Even a few crowned heads will be occupying Munich pil-

lows—**Prince Rainier** and **Princess Grace** at the Hilton, along with **Prince Philip**, who is planning to attend even though **Princess Anne** is doubtful as a member of the British equestrian team.

♦ The Detroit Red Wing iron-man, **Goedic Howe**, who has retired after 25 years, spent a busy couple of days last month tidying up some loose ends of a distinguished career. In Baltimore one Friday, Howe got a call from the White House, inviting him to a party that evening, where he rubbed elbows with the likes of **Bob Hope**, **Frank Sinatra** and Vice-President **Agnew**. The next day he flew up to Lansing, Mich. for a go-cart race. Then on Saturday night Howe was honored by the University of Detroit with its President's Cabinet medalion, here being awarded by the university president, **Father Malcolm Carron**. Impressed by his dad's celebrity, 17-year-old **Mark Howe** commented, "You should have quit earlier."

In Oakland, baseball's most exciting star of 1971 returned to action after a layoff of almost eight months. The extended rest didn't seem to help erstwhile holdout **Vida Blue**, however, as he gave up two walks, two hits, a wild pitch and two runs in an inning of relief against the Angels. He was charged with the 6-5 loss. At this point last year he was 10-1.

The U.S.-Soviet *détente* takes in more than nuclear weaponry. In Laurel, Md. last week it was announced that the Russians are coming to the Washington, D.C. International race this year, for the first time since 1965. **Joseph T. Cascarella**, a vice-president of the track, and **Alexander Kopylov**, a Soviet agriculture official, closed the deal, and the invitations will be sent out for two Russian horses.



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Mr. Allen Sox it to them

At ease at last in congenial Chicago, the former wanderer leads a new breed of Pale Horse

The scene was suited more to mid-summer than May, but the temperature was 82° and a gleeful glut of black children last week ran through the sloshing plume from a Chicago fire hydrant, a good outfield throw from White Sox Stadium.

A block away, on 34th Street, a bunch of white kids similarly were taking the waters, most assuredly because of the heat but also, one suspects, because neighborhood unity is being spawned by the success of the friendly, neighborhood White Sox—one of baseball's current hot items both in Chicago and the American League.

The Sox and their expansive home arena stand at the focal point of a fascinating sociological development in the Windy City, primarily because of South Side geography and a need for heroes that is nowhere more urgent than in the ghetto. Formerly known as Comiskey Park, after the founder of the team, White Sox Stadium is a sociologist's dream—or nightmare.

To the south and east is largely a black ghetto area. Many tenements near the stadium have given way to new buildings. The hall park stands on a ragged, non-demonstrated zone between it and a predominantly white area to the north. The demographics of the area have been cited as reason for Chicago's attendance problems, which plummeted a nadir in 1970 when the club finished last in the AL West and drew fewer than half a million spectators.

"This neighborhood is rough," says a patron of the T's Inn, a drinking establishment unlikely to be mistaken for the Pump Room. "They used to have a protection racket going in the parking lot. A guy would say, 'Gimme two dollars and I'll watch your car.' What he meant was, 'Gimme two dollars and I won't tear the hell out of it.'"

But an elderly usher who has worked both the Sox' contests and those of the Wrigley Field Cubs insists that an old law is defeating the harsh surroundings. "You give the people here a winner," he says, "and they'll come to the park. The police have clamped down on a lot of stuff. This place is cleaner than Wrigley Field. And all night, when you've got 30 or 40 thousand in here with the lights shining down on the field, it's really nice."

So it is a boon to their city that the White Sox have been leading their division—partly through defiance of baseball's hallowed book, partly by making the game's most renowned maverick happy. As reward for that nice bit of social work, Chicago is contending for a pennant that has not loomed within the team's reasonable grasp since the mid-'60s.

Individually, the White Sox' most content competitor is Dick Allen, more commonly known as Richie during nine National League seasons in which he earned a reputation for controversy, repetitive affront to management and nearly every capricious off-field deed but barriaty. Allen's well-documented troubles in Philadelphia, a city whose fans, it has been said, "would boo the losers in an Easter egg hunt," not only prompted Allen's trade to St. Louis in 1970 (a deal that gave birth to the Curt Flood case) but seemingly haunted him afterward. For the Cards dealt him off to the Dodgers after a season in which he hit 34 homers and drove in 101 runs, and Los Angeles followed suit a year later by sending him to the Sox after he led the team in homers and RBIs.

Allen indeed is a man who marches to his own wry drummer. On the day his teammates were going out on strike, Allen signed his 1972 contract. Among the accusations that have been hurled in his direction, however, the charge that sticks is that Richie, a hitter by any name, wreaks outrage on pitched base-

balls. American League moundsmen are now wincing the way their NL brethren did a year ago.

The mutual esteem prevailing between Allen and Manager Chuck Tanner, who grew up eight miles from Dick's bucolic hometown of Wampum, Pa. (pop. 1,189), indicates that Chicago could be a last stop for the three-traded first baseman.

"I can say this," said Tanner after the White Sox defeated Texas last week for their sixth straight victory and 12th in 13 games. "I think Allen is not only the best player in the American League but the best in the majors. He can run, field, throw, hit for average and hit for power. How many of the best can do four of those things? Plus the fact that his attitude has been fantastic. He's our leader. Of our 10 pitchers, seven have less than two years' experience. When one of those kids gets in trouble, Allen's the guy they come to. Just his presence makes our players better. He's the most valuable player in the league for me. When he's through with the White Sox, he's going to walk right into the Hall of Fame."

To such praise Allen has responded by leading the league in RBIs, smacking seven homers and smiling a lot out from under a batting helmet that rests nearly on the bridge of his nose. He has yet to be charged with an error at first base. With the Sox, baseball has become fun again.

"A whole lot of it," Allen agrees. "I wish I had come here the first time I got traded. The difference is Tanner. He's from home and he's like a brother. I earned a reputation here, you know. Those other clubs wanted that kind of publicity to draw. Here they just wanted me for my ballplaying."

It is a measure of the man's ease of mind that Allen talks about his past almost clinically.

"Philadelphia? If I was doing so much wrong, why didn't that man call a big press conference to clear the air? I think they needed that kind of publicity to draw crowds. We sure didn't do it any other way. We were usually 21 or 26 games out. I did some things wrong, but not half as many as I got blamed for.

"Los Angeles, that was strange. I didn't have the feeling they wanted me there, anyway. I saw a comment from

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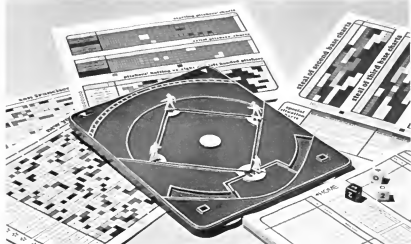
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Walter Alston, I don't know if it was true or not, but he said if I came to the Dodgers, he would go. Al Campanis was the guy who made the deal and he said he wanted Allen's bat but not his personality, so I gave 'em a hat and no personality. I was disappointed in that situation, but there were some good guys on the team. I've known a lot of ballplayers and I haven't met a bad one yet."

One of the closest friends Allen has made in Chicago is Bill Melton, whom Tanner inventively describes as the most underrated player in baseball. Melton won the home run championship last year—to the applause of virtually no one but his immediate family. Along with Carlos May, who ranked seventh among American League batters in 1971, he and Allen have given the White Sox the kind of power that once seemed ill-advised for the vast acreage of their ball park, with its 352-foot foul line distances and 400-foot reach to center.

Even before the arrival of Allen, however, Tanner had converted the White Sox from the single-hitting, defensive teams of Al Lopez' era toward a more brutal breed that didn't have to rely as often on the opposition's mistakes. Only five players remain from the roster Tanner inherited when he was hired two years ago, and Chuck's changes have brought remarkable progress. In 1971 Chicago improved its record by 23 victories and was rewarded by an attendance jump from 495,355 to 833,891. This year the Sox drew 47,099 more fans for the first 17 home dates than for the same number in '71.

"We aren't the Go-Go Sox anymore," says Roland Hermond, director of player personnel, "we're the Sock-Sock Sox."

Allen has helped the power play in geometric ways. "You put a bat like that in our lineup," says Shortstop Rich Morales, "and it makes everyone better. They can't pitch around our lineup now."

Thus, with a beefier offense, and with Tanner (prompted by Coach John Stan) ready to violate sacrosanct baseball laws, like using a pitcher after only two days' rest, it should be an exciting year for Chicago sociologists, perhaps all the way to October.

"That's what remains to be seen," says Allen with a smile. "That's what we put it on every day for."



DICK ALLEN LIGHTS UP CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE—AND HIS OWN PRIZE—WITH A BIG BAT

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

NL EAST

Alb. yes, Willie Mays. After he hit a home run to win New York's 11th straight game those old Met-haters, the Chicago Cubs, came along and smacked them twice, 2-1 and 5-1. Joy in Chicago was diluted by the fact that, next game, Mays hit a single in the 14th inning to win 3-2. With a batting order whose averages ranged from Willie Stargell's .282 to Renne Stennett's .391, the Pittsburgh Pirates ran their winning streak to nine before losing to St. Louis. The defeat ended a five-game streak for Picher Dock Ellis, but it came only hours after the Pirates had won at 14 innings the night before, and with Stargell, Manny Sanguillen and Roberto Clemente on the bench.

Although they had almost an entire infield injured—second, third and short, plus catcher—and leftfielder Billy Williams playing first base, the Cubs lost only one game all week. Besides Ferguson Jenkins' and Burt Hooton's handoff jobs on the Mets (tied in the latter case by Jose Cardenal's two homers and Williams' second of the week), Bill Hands muffed St. Louis 3-2 and the 30-year-old rookie, Carmen Fanzone, got three RBIs in a 5-3 game against Montreal.

"They're playing their heads off," Gene Mauch said of his Expos. "That's the best lineup we have. I'll just leave them in there." Sure enough, Montreal—which had lost eight games at New York and Pittsburgh—won all three against Philadelphia at friendly Jarry Park. Ron Fairly's three-run homer won the opener on Victoria Day, another

Fairly homer broke a tie the next day, and then Carl Morton had a one-hitter, throwing exactly 90 pitches.

"They have to do it themselves with the arm and bats on the field," Philie Manager Frank Lucchesi said sorrowfully. "My 4' contribution is not enough. But I'll take suggestions from anyone, even the press." Five regulars slipped below .215 as Philadelphia lost its 10th straight game.

St. Louis spoiled a homecoming for Manager Yogi Berra by beating Tom Seaver and the Mets 6-2, as Jose Torre hit a home run and a double.

NY 26-10 PIT 21-12 CH 18-16
MON 18-22 PHIL 12-20 ST. L 14-23

NL WEST

The Houston Astros (page 29) won their sixth straight game by defeating second-place Los Angeles 5-1 Friday before 36,328, the Astrodome's largest crowd in four years.

The Dodgers' Walt Alston has often replaced 32-year-old Golden Glove first baseman Wes Parker with 22-year-old Bill Buckner, 29-year-old hot-hitting Second Baseman Jim LeFebvre with Bobby Valentine, 22-master Shortstop Maury Wills, 39, with Bill Russell, 23, and gets help from 23-year-old Steve Garvey, 28; Russell, 333; Garvey, 265 and Buckner 250. "There's no doubt that fellows like Wills are going to make fewer mental errors," Alston says, "but those kids are going to get to balls the others won't." Nevertheless Los Angeles lost three of four.

Cincinnati punctured San Diego's youth corps, taking two of three, including a Gary Nolan 4-0 shutout over the Padres' Fred Norman, who had pitched 27 scoreless innings. But the Reds were embarrassed twice by Atlanta, 2-1 and 4-2.

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Those wins, plus two more during the week, may have saved Atlanta Manager Frank Harris' job. Coach Eddie Mathews had been all but hired as his replacement, at least by the Atlanta *Constitution*. Then the Braves beat San Francisco and Cincy, for Jim Nash's first victory (in relief) and Phil Niekro's sixth (he also hit a home run), and Harris was still filling out the lineup cards, defended valiantly by Paul Richards. "Fire me, not Leman," Richards said stoutly.

After losing six of seven games, San Diego Manager Don Zimmer was getting second-guessed from 2,600 miles away. In his father, "Dad," Zimmer called up and warned to know why his son hadn't had Nate Colbert hit in a home series against Cincinnati. "I can imagine what it'll be like when we get in Cincinnati and he's sitting behind the dugout," Zimmer said.

In a 500-week for San Francisco, Pitcher Sam McDowell continued to win and instructs Steve Bonte finally beat the Dodgers 1-0 to improve his record to 1-4.

HOUS 24-12 LA 25-18 CIN 18-17
ATL 18-20 SD 10-22 SF 13-27

AL EAST

Although Cleveland held onto first place despite four losses, there was worry in the dugout over the Indians' failure to hit. The Tribe was averaging fewer than three runs a game. Against lefties they were 1-9 and were averaging .217. "We aren't even hitting the ball hard," Manager Ken Appling growled. "If I can't get base hits, I expect at least a threat up there."

Detroit managed to lose two of three games to Milwaukee, both on shutouts, but Mickey Vernon, now 8-2, did blank Cleveland 5-0 and the Tigers did administer some stripes to the Yankees, 8-2.

Baltimore played the Pirates in a so-called "eightth game of the World Series" an exhibition at Washington and won but that was the week's main consolation. "We've even forgotten how to walk," Manager Earl Weaver sighed. In a 12-game road tour, Orioles regulars had a .205 batting average. They lost two of three to Boston, due in part to a triple play. "A triple play isn't an omen, it's a catastrophe," Weaver said.

One Red Sox win was authored by the controversial trader, Marty Pattin, his first victory after five losses and a 4-61 earned run average. "You can always make a lot of alibis why you're not doing well, but I always felt that when you're down you just have to work harder," Pattin said after stopping the Orioles with a four-hitger.

The New York Yankees won four of six on generally excellent pitching. Fritz Peterson finally got his first two wins, beating Boston 6-3 and Cleveland 2-0. And it was

winning week for the Brewers. They bent the Atlanta Braves in an exhibition involving Milwaukee's once and present baseball teams and won two of three in Detroit, a city in which they had never won more than one game in a season. Both victories were shutouts, pitched by roommates Jim Lonnberg and Skip Lockwood.

CLEV 18-13 DET 18-14 BAL 17-15
NY 44-17 BOS 12-18 MIL 10-19

AL WEST

As the Pale Hose hurried on, Minnesota resorted to old White Sox tactics. The Twins had one homer during the week and only eight in 17 games. But Rod Carew broke up a scoreless war with Kansas City in the 12th inning with a single, then homered home Cesar Tovar with a tie-breaker the next night on a safety squeeze. The third night the Twins displayed inspired scrappiness by winning on three safe hits, a tag-up advance from first to second after a pop-flop behind home plate, and a strikeout on a wild pitch that enabled the batter to reach first base. That Jim Kaat and Bert Blyleven pitched shutouts helped a little, too.

"I had problems with Leo Durocher in Chicago," Pitcher Ken Holtzman said succinctly after Oakland pulled off the great theft of the 1972 trading season by getting him. Holtzman had no problem disposing of the White Sox 4-2 to keep the A's in hot contention and advance his own record to 1-2. "His leadball behaves like Vida Blue's best," said catcher Dave Durman.

After Texas swept a Minnesota double-header to reach 500 (.667) at home, team members were shouting in the showers. "Break up the Rangers," they yelled. "Call us the Alamo Megs." Then the White Sox came to town and fragmented their good, winning three straight. What really broke Texas up was the first loss. Trading 7-6 in the bottom of the 10th, with one out, Ranger pinch hitter Don Mincher singled, advancing Irvan Hanzel to third. Chicago villain Chuck Finner protested that Mincher had batted out of order. Mincher was out and the rally was over.

Dick Drago got a Kansas City team record for strikeouts (13) but no win as Minnesota beat him 1-0. In a 10-game home stand the Royals averaged 34 men on base, stranding seven of them per game.

Lynn Seeland Ryan Jr., the fastest arm in the West, avenged Oakland as the Angels beat them 6-3. He scared the hell out of me, even in spring training when he wasn't ready," said leftfielder Joe Rudi. The A's Reggie Jackson demurred. "I'm not scared," he said, "but he sure makes me uncomfortable."

CHI 21-11 MINN 20-11 OAK 20-11
TEX 18-20 KC 13-20 CAL 13-22

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The hottest thing around may be the warmup suit. It has shaped up, literally, and is as good for walking the dog as for running the mile

I think sweat suits came in around 1916, 1917 or 1918," says the AAU's Dan Ferris, 82. "I competed from 1909 to 1912, and I know they didn't have them then. The fellows used to wear bathrobes. Then the sweat suits came along, with the legs made big. I guess so fellows could put them on over their spikes. When the girls started competing, they hated those things, but the manufacturers have got them honed down pretty good now. They call them 'warmups.'"

Right on, Mr. Ferris, a capsule history. Of course the sweat-suit buff, if there is such a thing, needn't panic. The baggy gray garment is still around, one of the enduring truths in a changing world. Mr. Ferris does not believe sweat suits have changed at all since 1916 (or 1917 or 1918). They are the same right down to the string—the string that—where is that damned string?

Ah, but the warmups are trimmed down and zippered up now, in white and bright colors, with stirrups to hold the pants neat and taut. They were designed originally for team sports, and that is still the manufacturers' primary market, but civilians of all ages, sexes and shapes are now wearing them everywhere: they turn up on tennis courts and basketball courts, on the golf course and the beach, at the supermarket and in the city streets. People have discovered what athletes have known all along, that there's a lot of comfort and utility and a certain cachet about a warmup suit, and unless one resembles Oliver Hardy, chances are it will look pretty good, too, no matter what one is warming up for. Young Australian tennis pro John Alexander says his father has be-

come so fond of his red warmup that he sometimes wears it to the office so that he can leave directly for the golf course. Once he stopped at his bank thus clad and was greeted with, "Do you have an account here, mate?" John says, "At first people thought he had a touch of madness, but now some of his friends are wearing them, too."

Get Golden State Coach Al Attles for an interview at the Executive House in Chicago or Houston's Shamrock Hilton, when the Warriors are in town, and there he is, working and relaxing in—a warmup. "Anyone close to sports wears them all around," he says. "There's no question it used to be kind of strange, but now it's accepted. When I'm not in a suit I wear the team warmup because it's comfortable and casual. My wife," he adds, "tries to steal them and cut them down to her size."

At Wimbledon and the Queen's Club last season, tennis players wore warmups for practice and to lounge around in at the clubhouse. Wimbledon's all-white rule doesn't hold for warmups, and colors ran the gamut from orange to green. In New York, a young man who lives in an apartment house with a pool says, "I don't want to bother with slacks and shirt, and I wouldn't be caught dead wearing a robe to the pool, so I just pull on my warmup, put my track shoes on and I'm all set. I figure I must wear it at least once a day, just to loaf around in."

A New York executive, less young and a Boston Marathon nut, recalls that after one marathon, "I was at a party where a guy had copies of a special suit made in Switzerland, and he was taking orders—blazing blues, scarlet and one that was the orangest thing I ever saw. In the euphoria of finishing the marathon, I said, 'I'll take one of those.' He said, 'It's fairly expensive, you know,'

and I said, 'Expense is no object!' It was \$45, and I had to hide it from my wife. I wore it once to a five-mile race, did miserably, and then felt foolish putting on such an official-looking suit. Now, every once in a while I get it out and sneak a look at myself in the mirror. I've also seen people gardening in them," he added. "They seem to be good for that, I think they make you feel better about heading over."

The \$45 price tag on the above gentleman's warmup is pretty high. Suits from manufacturers like White Stag-Speedo and Adidas generally run between \$12.95 and \$31.95. There are three basic warmup styles, pants with stirrups and leg zippers, pants with leg zippers but no stirrups, and the third, the newest, straight legs with a modified flare at the bottom. One can still find plain cotton, but most are made of a woven mesh that is light and airy, a combination of double-knit stretch nylon with cotton on the inside. Another popular fabric is 100% stretch nylon.

On the facing page, Cynthia Korman, in the red warmup, is a fashion model who jogs in New York's Greenwich Village every morning. "I jog very, very early, so that dog walkers [in their warmups] and delivery men won't follow me," she says. Her suit is made by White Stag-Speedo. It is acrylic and features the zippered, tapered leg. Congressman Alphonzo Bell of California and his actress wife, Marann McCargo Bell, who play tennis every weekend, are wearing striped stretch nylon and cotton Adidas warmups with stirrups. Larry King, about to take off in a Schweizer 233 glider in Fremont, Calif., wears one of the newest warmup styles from Head. It is made of 100% knit nylon stretch with new flared legs, white zippers on the jacket and slash pockets.

Larry isn't the only glider enthusiast in the King family. When she isn't out hating tennis balls, his wife Billie Jean is learning to soar, as likely as not in her warmup. **END**

WARMED UP are Model Cynthia Korman, Attorney Larry King and Congressman and Mrs. Alphonzo Bell, busy doing their own things.

No giveaways in Miami

A couple of weeks from now two official, undefeated world champion bridge teams—Italy's famous Blues and America's Aces—will be competing in the World Bridge Olympiad for sole claim to the world title. A paradox? Not really. Let me explain.

Every fourth year, beginning in 1960 in Turin, Italy, the battle for the world team championship of contract bridge has been waged under rules that are different from those of other years, when four or five zonal champions collide in head-to-head competition against the defending world champion and each other for the Bermuda Bowl. Instead, in Olympic years any country belonging to the World Bridge Federation may send a team to the World Olympiad. The Aces, Bermuda Bowl winners in 1970 and '71, won the right to represent the U.S. in this year's Olympiad (SI, Nov. 8). The Blues, defending Olympiad champions (they won in 1968 and in 1964) as well as 10-time Bermuda Bowl victors before they retired unbeaten in 1969, were, of course, the automatic choice to uphold Italy's honor.

The 1972 Olympiad—so-called because bridge is not an Olympic sport—will be held at the Americana of Bal Harbour Hotel in Miami Beach June 9-24. It will be the biggest ever. In addition to the U.S. and Italy, 38 other nations and territories will be represented. The previous record of 33 countries was set in Deauville, France in 1968, in spite of a general strike that kept two teams from getting there at all.

Miami's record-breaking entry will also mean that the pigeons will be tossed into the same pit with the hawks, for a complete round robin of 20-deal matches—three sessions a day for 13 exhausting days—will have to be played before the four eventual leaders can get down to the real business of settling the world championship. On Thursday, June 22, the 14th day without a breather, the four top teams will at last pair off (the

leading team will get to choose its opponent) in a one-day, two-session semifinal of 64 deals. The two winners will then commence a three-session 88-deal final: two more 32-deal sessions on Friday followed by 24 boards on Saturday afternoon, immediately preceding the victory banquet that will bring this bridge marathon to a close.

No one is forcing me to climb out on a limb, but I would venture to say that the two finalists will be the Blue Team and the Aces. Which two of the other teams make it to the semifinals will depend on how devastatingly some of the hawks pluck the chickens in the opening 13-day scramble.

Thus, in the early going at least, every match will be worth watching. And a spectator wandering into the vast Open Room, the ballroom of the Americana, will find 28 tables to choose from—nine from the women's team championship, which will be contested simultaneously, and 19 of the 20 open tables from the main event. There will be one stipulation, however. Spectators wishing to watch at tableside will have to be seated before play begins, since the same 20 deals will be used in each of the matches. Doings at the 20th open table, which will be located in a room by itself, will be shown on closed-circuit television, accompanied by expert commentary and rear-screen projection of all four hands, in a theater-style setting for several hundred kibitzers who may enter at any time.

In previous Olympiads one could judge the importance of a particular match by the size of the gallery. This was not always true in Deauville, however, where Omar Sharif, playing on Egypt's team, was the biggest draw. His imposing crowd of kibitzers was not limited entirely to bridge enthusiasts. Two young ladies, who for hours had adored every move the actor made, afterward approached an official with a surprising question: "Tell us, sir, what game is Omar playing?"

But Omar will not be playing in Miami. Egypt's entry was canceled at the last moment when Sharif decided to remain in France to attend to his racing stable, the only sporting activity that can, for Omar, take precedence over bridge. This leaves Lebanon as the one Arab team that will, by political necessity, be forced to forfeit its match to Israel. In 1964, and again in 1968, both the Lebanese and U.A.R. teams sat out their matches against the Israelis, although in Deauville Omar expressed his differing personal view by playing one board with members of the Israeli team. Sharif's unmistakable gesture nonetheless failed to appease some of the Israeli sympathizers. About a year later the convention manager of Grossinger's was offered the attraction of an appearance at that Candler Mountain resort by Omar and his Bridge Circus, which included members of the Blue Team. The manager's reply was swift and brief: "I think that first we would close the hotel."

This year's tournament is also scheduled to make strange political tablefollies. During the wheeling and dealing to have Morocco accepted as a new member of the World Bridge Federation and an entrant in the Olympiad, it was reportedly agreed that the Moroccan team would play all scheduled opponents, including Israel. Whether or not this proves to be true, Lebanon for sure will be conferring an advantage on Israel—at least 12 victory points for the forfeited match. Far more important, Israel will enjoy the enormous benefit of a bye round in a schedule that makes physical endurance a prime factor in determining the four eventual survivors.

My picks for the semifinals aside from the Aces and the Blues? Let's look at the Olympiad record. In 1960, when France won to break Italy's otherwise uninterrupted skein of world titles between 1957 and 1969, the other finalists were Great Britain and three teams from the U.S. (Thereafter, the rules were changed and entries limited to one team per country.) In 1964 the finalists were Italy, Great Britain, Canada and the U.S. In 1968 this cast had a single change: Britain sent no team to Deauville and the Netherlands finished fourth. But Switzerland and Australia came within an eyelash of getting into the semifinals, as

continued

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they had in 1964, while Belgium finished a surprising seventh as the qualifying round and France wound up a disappointing eighth.

Selecting from these previous high finishers, I would have to say that Belgium's chances can be discounted. The Dutch are sure to find life less rosy without their winning optimist, Cornelius Slavenburg; and Australia may surprise, but the team does not seem to be quite as strong as it was in '68. The French? Not with their two outstanding pairs—Pierre Jais-Roger Trézel and Henri Svare-Jean-Michel Boulenger—sitting this one out in Paris. Which brings me down to Britain, Canada and Switzerland and, possibly, the Republic of China on the strength of its international showing since adopting the Precision System three years ago. Britain finished second to Italy in the most recent European Championship, Canada has Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, backed by a strong foursome; and Switzerland has Jean Besse and Pietro Bernasconi, surely two

of the world's most formidable players. Any two of these four countries might make it.

One thing seems virtually certain: regardless of which team it plays in the semifinals, the reunited Italian Blue Team—Giorgio Belladonna, Walter Avarelli, Pietro Forquet, Benito Garozzo, Manno d'Alelio and Camillo Fabis Tucci—will get to the finals. And its opponent is most likely to be the twice-world-champion Aces. Who will win? Setting patriotism aside, how can anyone bet against the Blues, even if one discounts their victory in their only previous meeting with the Aces—the \$15,000 challenge match recently played in Las Vegas (SI, Jan. 3)? Admittedly the Aces were still adjusting to the shake-up in which Paul Soloway replaced Billy Eisenberg, joining Jim Jacoby, Bobby Wolff, Mike Lawrence, Bobby Goldman and Bob Hamman. But by the same token, the Blues were still rusty from their long absence from competition as a team and still they won, leaving the im-

pression that they would always play just well enough to win.

One of the most discussed deals from the Las Vegas clash was this one in which Belladonna revoked not just once—as he has also done in world title play—but twice, an unprecedented occurrence with far-reaching consequences.

Soloway's jump-shift response after he had passed initially was greatly influenced by Hamman's opening heart bid, of course. Thereafter, all of Soloway's rebids were minimums, but South drove to the slam anyway, expecting North to furnish more in the trump suit.

The only legitimate chance for the slam was the slim one that East held precisely the singleton jack of hearts and that the spade suit would behave favorably. (The only alternative—playing West for the singleton king of trumps and East for J, 6, 4, 2—would not help declarer on this layout, since he has to ruff at least one spade in his hand and could not then pick up East's trumps.) So after East won the first trick with

What do you get when you cross your telephone



Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		
♠	K 10 9 8 6 3 2	
♥	A 9 7 3	
♦	—	
♣	J 3	
WEST		
♠	J 7 5 4	
♥	K 6	
♦	7 5 3 2	
♣	Q 10 4	
SOUTH		
♠	Q	
♥	Q 10 8 5	
♦	A K 10 9 6	
♣	A K 8	
NORTH	EAST	WEST
(Dummy)	(Declarer)	(Belladonna)
PASS	PASS	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 7 of spades

the spade ace and returned a club, declarer took the ace and laid down the queen of hearts. Belladonna covered with the king, dummy's ace was played and

South's hopes faded when the jack failed to drop.

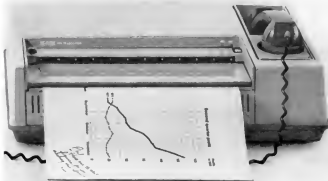
Dummy's 10 of spades was led. East threw a club and South trumped with the 10 of hearts. South then led a second trump and Belladonna, whose 6 of hearts was hidden somewhere in his hand, discarded a diamond—a revoke that, once established, would incur a two-trick penalty, enough to give declarer his slam. But Hamman did not know. Belladonna had revoked and naturally assumed that East must have started with four trumps—an assumption that was reinforced when East won with the jack of hearts and returned a third trump on which Belladonna again discarded. With only one trump now left in dummy and none in his hand, the 6 of hearts still outstanding and the spade suit still one trick from being established, declarer went on to lose two more tricks, putting the contract down three—until the two revokes were discovered. Alas, the slam was still lost. Although there is a two-trick penalty for the first revoke, there is, ac-

cording to present law, no additional penalty for a second revoke in the same suit. So even with two tricks restored for the revoke penalty, the slam was still one trick shy of being made.

Of course, had Belladonna found the 6 of hearts in time to avert his second revoke, South would have made his slam, giving up the jack of spades but adding two penalty tricks to the 10 he could have collected. Thus, the first revoke gave away the slam but the second defeated it again. Just or unjust? However you may feel, the law is clear, and the Italians were plus 100. Adding this to their teammates' result of making five hearts on a four-heart contract in the other room, the net gain was plus 750 for the Blues instead of minus 750, a substantial swing in their favor. Coming as it did at the exact halfway mark in the 140-deal Las Vegas match, which had been very close up to that point, such a gain made a tremendous difference.

Belladonna is not likely to be so careless again in Miami. **END**

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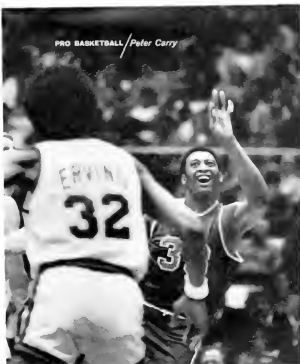
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The NBA-ABA All-Star Rip-Off indicated just what's wrong with the game—great moves on the court and some shoddy maneuvers off it

A professional pfffffft

It has now been two full seasons since professional basketball was proclaimed the Sport of the Seventies. The prophecies forecast an instant replay of that familiar pattern of success set by pro football in the '60s: TV ratings would climb, attendance would soar, expansion and regional franchises would bring the sport to every city bigger than Bismarck and a merger between the NBA and ABA would guarantee the pros stability and prosperity clear into the 23rd century. By now the ruffles and flourishes of economic victory were supposed to have been heard off in the distance. Instead, all there is is a loud fizzle. Pro bas-

ketball as a business has become the world's largest Alka-Seltzer.

The latest pffftt came last week at the second annual NBA-ABA All-Star Rip-Off in New York's Nassau Coliseum, where the Players' Associations of the two leagues showed some startling moves on the court and some dubious footwork off it. TVS paid \$175,000 for TV rights to broadcast the game. Advertisers and local stations spent more than that to put it on the air. Fans forked over \$6 to \$10 for seats—the highest ticket scale in the pros aside from The Forum in Los Angeles at playoff time. All expenditures were made on the Players' Associations'

HOT SHOT Rob Lauer, subbing for injured Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, won the MVP award.

promise of a "confrontation between the greats of both leagues." To back up their claim, they advertised a roster for the game that included Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Walt Frazier, Jerry West and Zelmo Beaty. None of them played.

Even little old ladies wearing rose-colored glasses while they watched Beaty in the ABA playoffs last month could have foreseen that his sore knees would prevent him from making an All-Star appearance. The promoters used Zelmo's name in their advertising, then announced a few days before the game that he was scheduled for surgery instead.

Last year Abdul-Jabbar waited until three hours before the tip-off to announce he would not play because he was being married that day. This time he gave NBA Players' Association Attorney Larry Flesher three days' notice, but no excuse for his nonappearance. Flesher allowed that he felt some "annoyance" over Abdul-Jabbar's behavior, which was undoubtedly considerably milder than the reaction of fans who had already put down \$80,000 for tickets in expectation of seeing the NBA's high scorer and Most Valuable Player battle against ABA MVP Artis Gilmore, who interrupted a European vacation to fly in for the game.

Frazier and West simply did not show up for the game, which the NBA won 106-104. Flesher had announced the previous day that he expected West to play even though only moments before, NBA All-Star Coach Ugn Baylor had responded to a question regarding Jerry's arrival time in New York by saying, "He should get here about the first of October. He's not going to show up for this game."

The game itself was a good one, particularly when it came to the ABA's Julius Erving, whose swooping moves may have made even the most rabid NBA fans forget Kareem's absence. Still, if the Players' Associations hope to run another inter-league All-Star Game, they may need the O.K. of the Better Business Bureau and the Good Housekeeping seal of approval to get up enough public confidence to sell TV time or tickets. The game, largely a project of the NBA players' group, is designed as a declaration of independence

continued

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from NBA management, which feebly tried to stop the players from appearing in a contest unsanctioned by the league. It also is a vehicle for bringing television receipts directly into the players' hands, an important factor since the sharing of TV revenues between owners and players is now, and will continue to be, a major bargaining question in all pro sports. But the players' forays into television, although they may have been lucrative, have not been successful. The All-Star Games this year and at Houston in 1971 suffered from the absence of top stars who refused to play. The NBA Player Association-supported One-on-One Tournament, which was shown at halftime of nationally televised games, was a flop. The production was badly done and again many of the best players did not participate, most of them because they considered the \$15,000 first prize a pittance. The failures clearly point up the fact that the players still need the owners around to run the game as much as the owners need the athletes to play it.

The next question is whether anyone needs the sort of management pro basketball has had the past two years. NBA Commissioner J. Walter Kennedy has provided none of the leadership needed during this critical time, either because he is incapable of it or because the owners for whom he works—and who frequently deride him behind his back—will not let him. Whatever the reason, the basketball fizzle has continued this year over issues large and small:

- On the court, players and coaches, losers and winners, became so distraught over the ineptness of some NBA referees that at one time the Players' Association threatened to withhold payment of fines until changes were made. There are numerous ways to improve officiating, most of which require planning, a little hard work and some money. The NBA has decided to take the easy way out by trying to hire back some of the referees who left to join the ABA three years ago.
- NBA television ratings had risen, as predicted, over the past several seasons. This year they suddenly dipped because fans were no longer interested in watching programs consisting mostly of third-rate Eastern teams such as the Baltimore Bullets and Philadelphia 76ers instead of the Lakers, Milwaukee Bucks, Phoenix Suns and Seattle SuperSonics. Officials at ABC, which paid \$3.8 mil-

lion for the rights to televise Sunday afternoon NBA games, claim they must broadcast from the East because of time differences and viewing habits—West Coast fans are accustomed to sports on the tube at 11 a.m., but Easterners will not wait until 5 p.m. to watch an event from the West. Most teams, East and West, do not want to play games on Sunday afternoon anyway. They will change their minds soon, however, if the ratings continue to go down.

- Attendance increased modestly in both the NBA and ABA this season—a good indication, but not as good as it looks. A large percentage of the added attendance was limited to those cities, particularly the media centers of New York and Los Angeles, where the sport was already doing well.

All of those problems are minor compared to the chaos of the NBA-ABA merger and the way players continue to jump leagues. It has been a year since the leagues agreed to seek the antitrust waivers they need in order to complete the merger. The legislation, which was introduced in September, has been bottled up ever since in Senator Sam Ervin's subcommittee. The NBA Players' Association objects to the waiver because it believes that a basketball merger, like the football merger of 1965, will cut into the salary gains made during the five years of competition between the two leagues. Here Fleisher—perhaps because he does not have to deal with the selfishness of individual players as he must in affairs like last week's All-Star Game—has worked effectively. He has Ervin and, apparently, a large number of other legislators lined up on the players' side. Some owners expected the waiver to be reported out of the subcommittee with a positive recommendation last week. It never came, and Fleisher now says flatly, "I don't expect the bill to be reported out of subcommittee, committee or the Senate as a whole with a favorable vote. I feel confident now that we have the support we need to block it."

Regardless of whether the players or the owners win, both sides agree that no action can be expected from the full Senate until at least after the fall elections. That may be too long for some members of the ABA.

There have been reports that the younger league will be dissolved at the ABA meetings scheduled for mid-June,

but notices of the demise are probably premature. More likely the league will shrink from its present 11 teams to perhaps as few as eight. The franchises most apt to fold are Pittsburgh, the Floridians, Memphis and Denver.

A far speedier solution to the merger question could come from negotiations between owners and players. Fleisher reaffirmed last week his association's stand that the players would compromise, backing the owners' request for merger legislation—thus assuring quick enactment—if the owners would agree to a new contractual relationship with their athletes which included an option clause only on rookie contracts. The commissioner also would be barred from compensating a team whose player has signed with another club after his obligations to the first had been fulfilled.

That would represent a radical change in personnel policy, which most old-line owners adamantly resist. However, some younger front-office men are at least considering it. "I can feel things starting to change," says Kentucky President Mike Storen. "I think we can deal on the issue of a one-year option with no compensation and I think some other owners are beginning to think that, too. There are still guys around griping about how they used to pay players \$4,500 a year and why can't they be happy with \$4,500 now. Those days are over and so maybe are the days when we can keep players with one team on a long-term basis. Those guys are going to have to get used to it."

One thing that may help them become accustomed to it is the recent federal circuit court of appeals decision which held that Billy Cunningham must honor a contract he signed with the Carolina Cougars instead of one he agreed to later with the Philadelphia 76ers—despite the fact that Cunningham had convinced lower courts that the Cougars had failed to pay him the \$80,000 they owed.

The Cunningham case is the first significant contractual suit between a player and management in a long time that has gone against the athlete. Whether or not it will become a broad precedent is not yet known, but that issue should be decided soon in the cases of the most recent jumpers, Charlie Scott and Jim McDaniels. If the Cunningham ruling is applied in those suits, it could provide a solid, new basis on which the owners

continued



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WINNERS GO
GOODYEAR

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could negotiate with the Players' Associations over the issue of modifying the option clause. Florisher has consistently maintained that pro basketball teams can operate by signing their best players to long-term contracts without option clauses. The owners have rejected that contention by pointing out the ease with which athletes have broken contracts in recent years. A strong implementation of the Cunningham decision could allay the owners' fears.

Considering basketball's lack of forceful leadership, even the congressional stalemate and the Cunningham case may not be enough to put all sides into a mood to work out an agreement that could send the pros back on the rise.

The guidance may have to come from outside, particularly since the interests of amateur players desiring to turn pro and of the NCAA must also be taken into account. The recent proposal to create a national sports commission is a possibility but not necessarily a good one. The history of regulatory agencies has generally shown that commissions quickly become subjects of precisely those institutions they were designed to control.

Ironically, the Seattle SuperSonics, one of the most active and successful combatants in the basketball war, may have come up with a better solution. In the long complaint they prepared for the complex case involving McDaniels' jump from Carolina to Seattle, the Sonics have asked the judge to appoint a "master" to oversee the execution of his decision. A master, often a prominent retired jurist, is used in many equity suits as a rules enforcer and as a referee with wide evidence-gathering powers. He can exert pressure on all parties to work constructively with each other. If a master is appointed in the McDaniels case and proves successful, it could set a valuable example for all of basketball.

In fact, all parties could ask right now through a consent decree that a master be appointed. Then the game would be in the hands of a strong figure un beholden to owners or players, colleges or agents. Good candidates for the job include retired Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren and retired Associate Justice Tom Clark. Shades of baseball 50 years ago and Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, indeed. But, considering the chaos of basketball today, it might be a perfect time once again to say here comes the judge.

END

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If racegoers at Suffolk did not always have bread, they had circuses—everything from Lady Godiva



I Trotted Out a Naked Lady

by BILL VEECK
and ED LINN



The road curved around to the left and Suffolk Downs came into view. It was a dismal November morning, dark and dreary and drizzling. The joint looked like a factory, I thought. A dirty, dingy factory. There was a fence around the grounds, topped by barbed wire. "What's the fence for?" I asked. "To keep the people in or out?"

I knew what the first item on the agenda was going to be. I was going to tear that barrier down.

Shortly before the gates were opened on April 19, 1969, my first racing day as a track president, I found myself gazing out at 10,000 empty grandstand seats. Ten thousand seats, freshly painted royal blue. I've spent my life putting people into just those kinds of seats. But that day I was at a loss.

We were hoping for 30,000 spectators and a record handle of \$2.5 million. Everything that could be done had been done, and still I didn't know. In a ball park, you can take your advance sale, put it into an equation with the attraction and the weather, and estimate within 1,000 of what the attendance will be. But at racetracks there is no advance sale. You have nothing to go by except the day of the week and the seat of your pants.

This is not an idle guessing game. Decisions must be made. How many mutual clerks are you going to put on? How many ushers will you hire? What kind of parking facilities must be readied? If you've estimated 21,000 people and get 19,000, you are 10% overstaffed. Turn the figures the other way, and you are not providing the services that customers are entitled to. On a racetrack there are hundreds of explanations when the figuring is off. A New England favorite is, "It was such a nice day, everyone went to the Cape." A week later, under similar circumstances, you estimate 19,000 and get 23,000. It was such a nice day, everyone decided to come to the track.

Admittedly, I had complicated whatever equation there might have been by cutting off all free passes to Suffolk. If everyone in Boston who had told me they were never going to set foot inside the track again kept their word, we would set a record for nonattendance. No question about that.

The first time I saw a Suffolk balance sheet, I was appalled. Out of a total attendance of 804,512 the previous year, less than 30,000 had paid. As nearly as I could discover, 50,000 season passes were being sent out before each meeting. Judge John C. Pappas, one of the track's early owners, had been a liquor distributor, and tickets by the stack were still available at liquor stores. Every small-town newspaper in New England was sent what were called press passes, though they were in reality the same as any other pass. The sports editor of any paper of appreciable size received a minimum of 20 a day. Legislators were getting 500 passes apiece, and every *pratt* politician was on the list for 100.

Each new regime tried to cut off the passes, I was told rather indulgently, but with the drop in attendance and the flak from the politicians, none of the owners had been able to gut it through the first week. The pols counted on the passes for the party faithful. And the bettors simply refused to pay for something they had come to feel was their due.

For each and every caller I had the same answer: "If my

continued

dear mother asked me for a pass, I couldn't oblige her. There are no passes. We didn't print any." As far as you are personally concerned, I would add when speaking to a politician, we will be honored to have you as our guest any time you want to come—"All you have to do is call." Maybe I was a little frisky, but I wasn't crazy. To make a pol pay for anything would shake the very foundations of our civilization. But now, on opening day, I was having pause for thought.

The weather wasn't helping one bit. It had been raining off and on all morning. A few crab apple trees sat forlornly in the infield, their roots wrapped in burlap. For that the blame of credit was mine. I had made a decision, with malice aforethought, to plant them in full view of the customers. In part it was to let everybody see—and if they were the right sort, sympathize with—how rushed we had been preparing for the opening. That was hardly the most compelling reason, though; my mind runs along far more devious paths. The real reason was to demonstrate to our customers that our program of renovation was alive and well and on-going.

Having gazed with moody introspection on my domain, I headed back to the office. My secretary was looking out the window directly behind her. "Bill," she said, "shouldn't the gates be open by now?"

"They're not?????" It was 11:50. "Those gates should have been opened at 11:30!" A couple of hundred people huddled around the entrance. A second later I was running toward the turnstiles. I could hear the people on the other side of the fence saying, "Hey, there's Bill Veck." "What about it, Bill?" "What's the holdup here?" The holdup, the ticket seller informed me, was that the Wells Fargo armored truck hadn't arrived with the change. The admission price was \$1.50, and he wasn't taking any chance of getting caught short.

"Let 'em in," I shouted, waving my arms frantically. "Come on! Everybody in! Be our guests."

Wild cheers! "Attaboy, Bill." Warm handshakes. "The best of luck to you, Bill." Unbounded affection. "You're the tops, Bill." I tell you, it would have done your heart good.

As they were filing by, I suddenly became aware of Stan Isaacs of *Newsday*

standing nearby, busily jostling down notes. I tell you, it did my heart good. This was going to turn out fine. Bill Veck, friend of the common man.

Not enough of my common men showed up. The attendance was only 18,940. The handle was \$1,430,164. Only slightly better than average for an opening day.

The one bright spot in an afternoon of otherwise mixed notices had been the Lady Godiva Handicap featuring seven girl jockeys. The race had attracted considerable attention and, with the Red Sox game rained out, we could look forward to excellent coverage in the morning papers. But just as I was imagining the headlines, I learned that Hawk Harrelson had been traded to Cleveland. He had led the American League in RBIs the previous season and was the mod hero of Boston. I realized at once that the Harrelson story would take over the sports pages for the next day and week and month. That, of course, was just what happened.

I am, as I have hinted from time to time, essentially a promoter. My method has always been geared to charm or—where resistance is encountered—to inveigle people to the box office. But was racing promotable? I was told the last thing a dedicated better wanted was to have horns blowing in his ear when he's trying to handicap the next race.

I could have pointed out that people used to say baseball wasn't promotable, either. The argument then was that the dedicated baseball fan came out to watch the finer aspects of the athletic contest unfold and that throwing in some extra entertainment would be as boorish as intruding upon the meditation of a Trappist monk. So we promoted—and broke attendance records in Cleveland and Chicago. The owners who were most outraged when I put in an exploding scoreboard now have exploding scoreboards of their own. The general managers who groaned when we first held Bat Day now find that Bat Day brings them their biggest gate of the year. It's not a matter of philosophy, it is just in my genes. So nothing was going to be sacrosanct in racing.

In planning the lineup of feature races at the beginning of the year I had purposely scheduled a \$20,000 Beef Stakes

in the final months of the meeting. As the event drew closer we inserted a page in the race program headed "What's your Beef?" Suggestion boxes were placed at all exits. "Make your beef now," signs proclaimed. Why hire a consulting firm to tell you how to make your operation more efficient when you can ask the customers themselves? We held out the promise of a "big prize" for the best suggestion.

We anticipated perhaps 1,000 entries and ended up with more than 2,500. We also expected that about a third would qualify for instant disqualification by asking for "more winners." Only half a dozen had to be thrown out. What really pleased me was that almost all of the beefs were addressed directly to "Dear Bill."

There were so many fine suggestions that we decided the only fair thing to do was to pick the winner out of a hat. The one we plucked out read: "How about giving more fans a chance to look at the horses while they are being saddled in the paddock?"

It was a worthy suggestion and one that fit with the mood we had been trying to establish in refurbishing Suffolk. We wanted to take the curse off the place as a betting factory. The gentleman who had the idea, John Savage, was going to receive a Brahman bull and a calf. We didn't tell him that, though. I simply invited him and his wife to lunch in the Paddock Club on the afternoon of the Beef Stakes, and did nothing to dissuade him when he assumed that was his prize. The bull and the calf grazed in the infield through the racing program, and nobody paid the slightest attention to them. After the race, Mr. and Mrs. Savage were called to the winner's circle to present the cup. And then the track announcer said, "Mr. Savage, there is your beef in the infield. Please pick it up and take it home with you." We handed him a rope and wanted to see his reaction. He was great. "Look," he said, "I'll ride the big one and my wife can herd the little one home."

To everyone else who had submitted a suggestion, I wrote a letter of thanks for the constructive criticism along with a coupon for a hamburger and French fries at McDonald's.

As a continuing diversion throughout the meeting we would place certificates under seats in widely scattered areas,

with prizes going to the people lucky enough to be sitting there. On those occasions Jim Hannon, the track announcer, would announce that we were playing L-L-L-Lucky Chairs, and you could watch everybody jump to their feet and throw up their seats in such perfect military precision that there was one great callumping sound. We would space our Lucky Days far enough apart so that the fans wouldn't be looking for them.

When we wanted to exercise a certain amount of geographic control, purely for a gag, we changed the game to L-L-L-Lucky License Plates. For instance, one time we chose licenses from

three different states just so that we could give one guy 1,000 hot dogs, another 1,000 buns and a third 1,000 Cokes and suggest they get together in neutral territory for a block party. The guy never did pick up his Cokes. If there's anything I hate, it's a sore winner.

The best of the Lucky Chair Days by far—the best promotion of any kind in my first year—was held in honor of Joe Fan. We had changed the name of the Suffolk Downs Handicap (shoer inspiration, that) to the Joe Fan Handicap. The day of the race we prepared a script for Announcer Hannon, right down to the good-natured chuckles. After he had

continued



Naked Lady continued

declared the previous race official, Hannon continued, "Ladies and gentlemen. Today, in honor of each and every one of you, we are holding the Joe Fan Handicap. To make this a real special occasion we have selected today to play L-L-L-Lucky Chairs. Certificates have been placed under some seats through Suffolk Downs for prizes."

To make it seem we were just gagging it up as usual, Hannon announced, with suitable pauses, the first three prizes: 1,000 cans of beer, 2,000 (good-natured chuckle) coloring books with a box of crayons and (bugles!) a lifetime supply of balloons accompanied by a hand pump.

But there was a fourth prize, which was the big one. What would Joe Fan want more than anything else? You betcha. We were giving him a horse to race under his own colors. There were seven weeks of racing left at Suffolk, and during that time we would pick up all training expenses.

A roar went up from the crowd at the announcement. Almost everybody wants to own a racehorse, and what better way to realize that ambition than to have the animal handed to you without any of the attendant risks?

We didn't want to take the edge off the presentation by announcing it then and there, but we were going to offer to buy the horse back for \$3,500 when the meet was over. The plan was to relieve any misgivings Joe Fan might have on that score by telling him about it as soon as we had him alone, but the announcement would be held up until the day after the meeting closed in order to give the newspapers a chance to rerun the never-to-be-forgotten story of how Joe Fan had found happiness with his horse.

The holder of the certificate for the top prize was told to come to the winner's circle. One of my assistants went to the grandstand gate to escort him through, and if we had sent out scouts

to beat the underbrush we couldn't have done better. The man walking down the aisle was wearing a soft hat with the brim turned up, a pair of binoculars were draped around his neck, a copy of *The Morning Telegraph* was rolled up in his pocket—and he was black.

He was Robert Morgan, 45, who owned a soul food restaurant, a rather well-known one, on Columbus Avenue in South Boston. It turned out that he came to the track three or four times a week. Whatever way you looked at Robert Morgan, he was perfect.

Considerable work had gone into the selection of the horse. We didn't want to palm off a cheapie on our winner—we were willing to go all the way up to \$3,000—and we most certainly didn't want to hand him a stiff. If the horse didn't have a chance to win, we'd have done better to have called the whole thing off. The best we could get at our price was a 3-year-old chestnut filly named Buck's Delight. She had won ear-

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lier in Florida but had done nothing in two starts at our track. However, she was a horse that figured to get into the money a couple of times, and if Mr. Morgan was real lucky, she might win a race for him.

Morgan ran his filly right back four days later, and she finished fourth. Not quite a championship performance, so be sure, but worth \$150. On her fourth start in Morgan's colors, four days before the meeting closed, Buck's Delight went off at 47 to 1 and pulled it out for all of us by finishing a good second. Morgan collected \$650 this time.

But we hadn't figured on something. We had wanted a typical fan and had gotten him. Bob Morgan had been coming out mornings to walk and saddle his horse. He had been feeding her, rubbing her down and talking things over with other horsemen and trainers. He was hooked. When the meet ended he decided not to sell the filly back to us. He bought a second horse and shipped

them both to Finger Lakes in New York. In no time at all he was the owner of a nine-horse stable. Nine months later Morgan's wife told him he was going to have to make a choice between her and his thoroughbreds, and by that time he was more than ready to sell. Although he had won \$25,000 in purse money and was able to sell all his horses, he ended up a loser.

There was one other L-L-L-Lucky Chair whimmy that stands out vividly in my mind. The harness racing season at Suffolk started a week before Halloween. It was a night meeting. Half a dozen ideas suggested themselves immediately. All obvious. Twenty gallons of cider. A truckload of pumpkins. A dozen ghosting sheets. A gross of witch's brooms. And then I said, "Come on, let's not fight it. It's got to be black cats." On opening night we flashed a cryptic message on the tote board—WANTED: 100 BLACK CATS.

We weren't going to be giving away

five cats, if only because I was afraid nobody would take them. My plan was to implant the idea that we had 100 cats tucked away somewhere so that when we did begin to hand out all those other prizes our fans would be able to look forward in amusement or cringe in horror at the foul deed we were going to perpetrate on some citizen. And then, in a crescendo of anticlimax, we'd present the terrified winner with 100 stuffed black cats.

The Associated Press ran a story on our advertisement, and we were deluged with calls. Not to offer us any cats, which was what we were afraid might happen, but to ask us, in tones that varied from polite inquiry to flat accusation, whether we had found, bought or stolen one or other particularly beloved and talented black cat. We received letters from up and down the coast and as far away as Phoenix, Ariz. I can tell you that Virginia has more lost cats than any state east of the Mississippi.

continued

if we couldn't prove it.



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'Naked Lady' continued

We didn't want to blow the thing by telling the callers we wouldn't have taken their cats on a bet, and that led to even more trouble. One woman, who apparently was unsatisfied with what she had taken to be a less than candid answer, stormed into the Suffolk publicity office. "I want my cat!" she shouted. "Don't lie to me! I know you've got it!" Her son, it seemed, had been threatening to get rid of her cat for years, and now that we suddenly had provided such a ready market for him, she knew—absolutely—he had sold it to us. The woman didn't look like a nut. She was young, well-dressed and not bad-looking. She was also, for reasons that may be superfluous, accompanied by her mother. She was going to have the police after us. And the governor. And her parish priest. Sure enough, soon after she left the office a call came from the desk sergeant at Revere, Mass. police headquarters wanting to know what the hell was going on.

A couple of days before the big evening I was sitting in the publicity office when a man from the local ASPCA arrived to question me.

"Mr. Veeck, I'm investigating the 100 black cats you have here."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well . . . ?"

"Well, what?"

"Well, what do you intend to do with them?"

"Why?"

"We're concerned about their welfare down at the SPCA. Are you taking good care of them?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because a lot of people have been calling the SPCA. I'm asking you officially. What do you intend to do with them?"

"I might eat them."

"WHAT?"

"All up."

"How do you intend to take care of them?"

"We have hundreds of horses here. We have a vet. We can take care of cats."

But where were we keeping them, he wanted to know, and what did I intend to do with them?

I gave that deep thought, knowing that I had to make up my mind right there or suffer the terrible wrath of the

continued



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Naked Lady

SPCA "I might give them away on Halloween. Maybe all to one person."

"Just please?"

"Sure."

He was horrified. "Do you realize that some people drink and are not... uh, not capable of competent cat care?"

"Well, personally I don't have much respect for anybody who doesn't take a drink now and then."

"Don't look at me, Mr. Veeck. I like a drink as much as the next fellow."

Right then, having recognized each other as fellow tipplers, a new warmth and conviviality entered into our relationship. He had marched in like Napoleon, he departed in fine spirits with an invitation to join me at the track any time.

Actually we were never offered any cats. Not one. As a matter of fact, we had a hard job finding the stuffed ones. Finally we did and arranged them tastefully in two big baskets. When the time came to make the long-awaited announcement, Jim Hannon's script began, "And now the big prize of the night. You've heard about the 100 black cats. Well, we've got news for the person in the L-L-L-Lucky Chair in the grandstand. You've just won those 100 black cats. Please clear your prize with the SPCA before you take the cats home. Would the winner please report to the finish line at the track to collect his cats?" It turned out to be not a man but a woman. A marvelous woman, who was delighted to be a winner of anything. She hadn't heard a thing about the cats, so she didn't know what she was supposed to be relieved about.

Promotions of this sort continued. One of the traditional events we had inherited was the Hannah Dustin Stakes, named after a pioneer heroine. I changed that name to the Fair Lady Stakes because it gave me the opportunity to honor a 90-year-old regular named Anne Guzy as our Fair Lady and invite her to present the trophy. I had seen this vivacious woman frequently as I made my rounds through the grandstand. She had been at the track the day it opened in 1935, and to prove it she brought me the first day's program.

The people I got along with best were the fans. Racegoers have to rank among the most considerate, well-behaved people in sport. A tremendous number have favorite seats. They arrive early, drop

their programs on a chair, and that's all it takes. It's theirs. Do the same thing in a ball park, and you'd come back to find both the seat and the scoreboard gone.

I remember one day when a cashier came up \$1,000 short, and since every mutual clerk is responsible for any shortage in his tabulation sheets, he was frantic. The next morning our mutual chief received a phone call. "I'll bet you were short yesterday," the caller said.

"We sure were."

"Well, I've got the money."

The caller was Bill Holliday, a fellow who owned a restaurant in Westerly, R.I. What had happened was that Holliday had sent \$20 to the track with a friend to buy two \$10 tickets on the daily double. The payoff should have been \$1,350, but the clerk had somehow counted out an extra \$1,000. When his friend came into the restaurant that night, he had handed Holliday the money in a sealed envelope. Holliday had put the envelope in his pocket and had gone about his work. It wasn't until the next day that he opened the envelope, discovered the mistake and immediately phoned the track. The call was transferred to me. "I can't make it out today," Holliday said. "Saturday is my busy day. But early next week. Tell the guy not to worry."

"Look," I said. "I'm sure the cashier will be delighted to drive up and get the money."

You bet he was. He went as soon as the races were over. Holliday not only refused to accept a reward but sat the mutual clerk down and gave him a free dinner. We probably should have had a Bill Holliday Purse. I invited him and his family to be the track's guest whenever he wanted. He came out once with his wife and kids and continued to drop by occasionally. Not every day he was at the track, I'm sure, and not as often as I'd have liked.

After we had time to sit back and collect ourselves, we worked out a promotion for each Saturday. Two of them were to be real theater on the turf. You might have suspected that I couldn't resist a rerun of the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. The problem was that the chariot business had fallen on hard times. These days a chariot is a luxury item. The only one I knew existed was at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, where it sat in splen-

—continued—

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door to impress the tourists. It had been built by the same outfit that had constructed the chariots for MGM's epic film. The cost, if I wanted my own fleet of chariots, was put at around \$7,500 apiece. That was much too splendid for my blood. Still, nothing would look worse than a chintzy chariot race. The moviegoing public has become accustomed to chariot racing with a cast of thousands, and that meant we were going to need a bare minimum of five chariots. I heaved the heavy sigh reserved for Great Overpriced Ideas.

A year passed. It was a warm spring day in May. I picked up the paper and saw that MGM, beset with financial difficulties, was going to auction its props including the chariots from *Ben Hur*. They were to be sold separately, I learned. A couple of the original stars wanted to buy theirs. Stephen Boyd was outbid, and he was kind of bitter. But my representative at the auction picked up four chariots for \$7,600, just about what I would have cost us to have one made up new. Then Billy Weinberger, who is the president of Caesars Palace and an old friend, offered his chariot in return for my speaking at a charity affair in Las Vegas. So altogether we now had five.

There's something about a chariot that brings out the emperor in you. Behind me I could hear the roar of the Coliseum, the shout of the crowd. Once you get the feel of the rig, you have a sense of power that you can never get in an old buck board. My 10-year-old daughter Lisa and I tried hitching a single horse to the chariot from Caesars Palace, which was in far better shape than the others, and we took numerous rides in the cool evenings.

The MGM purchases had to be well refurbished, cleaned, greased and painted. Before the final overhauling and tightening two days before the race the wooden wheels were left to soak overnight in the infield pool and, things being what they are these days, one of them was stolen. We had to send to New York to pick up a replacement which, luckily, was a perfect fit.

The chariots were ready, but we still needed five pairs of horses and some gallant charioteers. The horses came from an outfit in Staten Island that does television commercials and movies involving horses and stagecoaches. This company agreed to provide the steeds and work out the proper harnessing techniques, which apparently requires considerable skill.

The charioteers were no problem at all. We had asked ourselves: 1) Who could we get? 2) How could we get the most publicity out of them?

The local disc jockeys were the gallant group that came immediately to mind. It has always been my experience that disc jockeys, no matter the city, are willing to go for outlandish gigs in which they put themselves on the line. I suppose it is because they are mostly young, high-spirited fellows and they have a well-developed sense of competition, which may have something to do with radio ratings.

There were 10 volunteers. With only five chariots, we decided to pad the program by running two trial heats, with the winners then meeting head-to-head for the national *Ben Hur* championship. The final would have a \$1,000 purse with \$600 going to the winner. To be perfectly honest about it, I got the boys together shortly before the contest and suggested they pool the money and divide it evenly. No chance. Not my tigers. All 10 wanted a shot at the big end of the purse.

The *Ben Hur* Handicap was scheduled for the last week of the meet to give our fans something to remember us by. Two nights before the race the disc jockeys came out for a trial spin. Just to get the feel of the thing, I told them. That wasn't the only reason, though. Our Staten Island advisers had warned us that a bunch of radio personalities was not going to be able to handle the powerful horses. I told the rental company to bring along five of their own drivers to stand by just in case. The horses, as predicted, took off . . . whoooooooooosssshhh . . . and ran away with the disc jockeys. A couple of the professional drivers told us afterward that the horses had been hyped up. For our own good, you know. To protect us and to protect their horses. And, of course, they were right. The disc jockeys were ashen-faced after the runaway rehearsal. A couple of the more intrepid were still determined to go it alone, so the group put it to a vote, and bravely was an overwhelming loser. We would have two-man teams, one pro and one amateur.

You can tell how well a promotion has gone over by how much it has cost you: i.e., in the percentage of falloff in your concessions receipts. The heats were run after the second and fourth race,

continued

Racing Has Its Dirty Side

This article is an excerpt from my forthcoming book, "Thirty Tons a Day," to be published by Viking Press. People have asked about the title. The following is by way of an explanation.

Thoroughbred horses eat well, work hard and, after the years and effort that have gone into improving the breed, their digestive tracts work at a truly magnificent pitch of efficiency. Under normal conditions we had 1,750 horses in the stable area at Suffolk Downs. And every morning we had 30 tons of manure to dispose of. Not to give the horses undue credit, it wasn't entirely the pure undiluted product. The floors of stalls are covered with straw, and what you end up with is a sort of thickly mixture. For decades mushroom growers bought all this stuff they could get. They came and got it and left their money behind. By the time I came to Suffolk the formerly eager mushroom men were in the process of converting to synthetic fertilizer. They were still willing to take the manure off the track's hands if we charged them nothing and shipped it to them. That cost us \$100,000 a year.

It's a problem. It really is. The grooms muck out the stalls and pile the manure in front of the bams, and that's where the obligation of the horsemen ends. The track has the job of collecting and delivering it to railroad flatcars, a job we contracted out.

There was one phase of the operation that wasn't contracted out. After my son Mike graduated from high school he came to work at the track, and I handed him a shovel and pointed him in the general direction of the paddock. The thoroughbred is a high-strung animal, and once he is led into the paddock he seems to understand that something is about to happen. Mike's job was to stand there with his shovel and watch carefully. It made for a very active 20 minutes nine or 10 times a day. The boss' son should always start at the bottom, and I couldn't think of anything more bottom than that.

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QUESTOR

Naked Lady

with the grand finale following the eighth. The moment the horns sounded announcing the entrance of the charioteers the spectators pressed down onto the apron. We had worked hard to create an atmosphere, playing the sound track of *Ben Hur* as the horses paraded. The charioteers decked out in various forms of Roman costume and headgear, were standing stiff and erect, as if they felt the eyes of the emperor upon them. The concessionaire, getting into the spirit of things, had hired some girls to pass among the crowd, in flowing togas, with huge platters of grapes. The extra driver made the race even more exciting because it gave the disc jockeys a chance to crack their long whips as the chariots went careening into the turn. As far as the competition was concerned, the Caesars Palace chariot, with its rubber tires, simply went faster than the others, and whoever drew it won. The fans loved the entertainment and the publicity was great.

The other extravaganza also was built on a historic event in which horses had played a part, though not a central role. The 94th anniversary of Custer's Last Stand was hard upon us, and how can any racetrack operator with the best interests of his customers at heart let a 94th anniversary pass un-sung? The date itself wasn't too convenient, so we scheduled the Custer Memorial Stakes four weeks before the actual anniversary. We were not going to be stubborn about it, though. Any historian who wanted to be a sore-head was perfectly entitled to speak his piece. Indians were just beginning to come into fashion at that time, and I would have been filled with admiration for any academic willing to risk caviling over the reenactment of the most celebrated of their victories.

There was no chance of doing the show right, I knew, unless we were able to enlist the aid of the right Indian tribe, so I had spent a full month lunching with the various sachems of New England. The Improved Order of Redmen of Massachusetts, representing 29 tribes, agreed to reenact the battle of Little Big Horn, playing the parts of Custer's troopers as well as Crazy Horse's Sioux warriors. They were so enthusiastic about it that they were constantly on the phone with new ideas. The night before the race they set up their Indian vil-

continued

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Naked Lady

lages around the infield lagoon, complete with teepees and campfires. Would you believe that one of the teepees was stolen during the night?

There was going to be a full day's activities, with war dances and games. The Improved Order of Redmen sent us the waist sizes of the tribesmen who were to play the part of Custer's troopers, and we rented the cavalry uniforms from the Broadway Costume Company. We had a supply of salamanders and blankets for sending out smoke signals and had laid in a supply of feathered Apache wigs and beadbands and—ahhh, civilization makeup. The wigs had been bought from Jack's Trick & Joke Shop in a lot of 100, which left us with all that were needed for ourselves and the clubhouse waitresses.

On the morning of Little Big Horn Revisited, three dozen horses, some of which the Indians were shipping over and some which we were renting, were to be yanned to the track. We had arranged to corral them across the street on an abandoned driving range. Chairs were to be set up in the infield between the flower bed and the tote board for the Redmen's Band of the Wahpatuck Tribe in Wakefield. Forty-five box lunches were to be distributed by the concessionaire as soon as the handmen were settled in.

The reenactment of the battle was to take place just before the running of the Custer Memorial Handicap. But early on the morning of the race it began to rain. It rained and rained, and then it poured. An absolute deluge. The amazing thing was how many of the Indians showed up on schedule. The track was a sea of mud. The infield was sodden. The teepees were awash. There was nothing to do but call the celebration off and assure them we'd do it next year. It wouldn't have been the same, though. Not for them and certainly not for us. We were washed out, that's all. Custer should have been so lucky.

As it turned out, the next year the track didn't have enough money to rent a teepee. Or buy 1,000 coloring books, never mind a chariot.

Next Week

Tom, more trouble loomed ahead, what with the po's and Harvard, but it was the owner of Suffolk who took Bill Vreck for his last ride.



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From the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate, more and more Americans are spending their vacations discovering the exciting man-made and natural wonders of their own country.

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DISCOVER AMERICA

IT'S SOME BACKYARD

**Gail Egan was one of
the best veterinarians in town
(Portales, N.M.-pop. 10,529).**

**Now she's one of the
best veterinarians in the country
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Ever since Gail Egan was old enough to ride a horse, she knew she wanted to work with animals. When she graduated from Colorado State University as a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, a well-paid career as a veterinarian was open to her.

But Gail Egan wanted more than that. She wanted to aid people who really needed help with their animals. People, for example, whose very lives were dependent on their cattle. So she became a Peace Corps Volunteer.

Today Gail is living in the Great Rift Valley of Kenya, one mile from the Equator. She works with a staff of 35 people, striving to control hoof and mouth disease among cows, training laboratory assistants to read blood



slides, supervising cattle breeding.

"The people here want someone who can help them with their herds," says Gail. "They know that since I am here, some of their cattle are doing better."

The Peace Corps today is open to every American of ability who wants to share that ability with people who need it. Among the thousands of Peace Corps Volunteers now serving in 60 countries are girls of 22 and grandmothers of 55; recent college graduates and self-taught master mechanics; single people and people with families, blacks and whites.

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The night of June 25, 1952 may not have been the hottest in the history of New York City, but the suggestion that it was not would bring an instant argument from the 47,983 people who sweltered at Yankee Stadium while Joe's Maxim fought Sugar Ray Robinson for the light heavyweight championship of the universe.

It was not a great fight. In some respects it was no fight at all. But for an odd set of reasons it was a memorable one.

In the press area we sweltered too, but even without our jackets we looked a tolerably civilized lot. Or so it seemed to me. I was covering the fight as a young correspondent for a chain of newspapers in England, and the thrill of such an event was still untarnished. The clothes I was wearing were lightweight by British standards, but Americans would have considered them too heavy even for early spring. It is a measure of the night's discomfort that I still remember what I wore. It was agreeable to be in the presence of the sort of VIPs who are often to be found at *insipide* in the row behind me and only two seats away sat Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York and General Douglas MacArthur. The Governor looked a little wilted, but General MacArthur, in a white collar and what might have been a Savile Row suit, set a starchy example for us all.

It was something of a silver, if not golden, age of the sub-heavyweights, and these fighters were the class of the lot. Joe's Maxim was defending the title he had won in 1950 from Freddie Mills of England. Sugar Ray was the middleweight champion of the world, having already held the welter title. He had defeated the middles (Grazianno, LaMonta Turpin, to name just three), and he was tying, as Henry Armstrong had done 12 years before, to hold world titles in three divisions. He was the overwhelming favorite for this fight.

Maxim's reputation was that of a relatively gentle son with immense style and boxing prowess. That would have been my impression of him, too, save for one thing. I everyone at some time is told a story so extraordinary that it defies contradiction, a private wisdom that remains an *idée fixe* in his mind, like a runaway seed in the earth. Such a thing accounted for my impression of Maxim.

Some months before I was having

lunch in Germany's Restaurant in London with Freddie Mills. Mills was craggy, tough and decently straightforward. As a boxer he could be described as a minor-league, Cockney version of Rocky Marciano. His only failing seems to have been a rather poor choice of associates. He later opened a Chinese restaurant in the Charing Cross Road, and was found shot dead in his car. Over our lunch Mills told me, "Joe's Maxim is the barest-puncher I ever fought."

Astonished, I suggested that surely he had meant Gino Lescovich, the man from whom he had taken the world title. Lescovich knew Maxim could not hit.

"No," he said, "Joe's Maxim. He knocked two of my teeth out."

And so, as the fight began that sweltering Bronx night, I was waiting to see the secret, lethal Joe's Maxim, a pugilist unknown to anybody but Freddie Mills and myself, knock out the teeth of the incomparable Ray Robinson.

The fight, as it progressed, went exactly as predicted by everybody but Freddie Mills and me. Maxim thundered along, full of good intentions, while Robinson prosoletted around him, hitting him whenever the lanes took him. In fact it was not until the ninth round that Maxim landed a respectable punch.

Inside the ring, under the lights, where the temperature was 104°, both men kept hating in their respective styles. They sweated sweat, but neither seemed unduly weakened. Robinson took the first 11 rounds with ease. In *The New York Times* next day Arthur Daley reported:

The middleweight king was truly superb. His combination punches looked Maxim and talked him to jaw and body. He hooked and he crossed and he jabbed and he delivered uppercuts. In the seventh Maxim was almost on the verge of a knockout and requested settling salts in his corner. "In the same paper James P. Dawson wrote: 'Fighting out of a stretch, ignoring a weight handicap of pounds close to twenty pounds Robinson

blazed through the rounds, punching Maxim almost at will."

The fight took a surprising turn at the end of the 10th round, but it did not concern either fighter. Ruby Goldstein, the referee, suddenly cried in. His glistening face turned a horrid gray and, at the bell ending the round, he signaled that he could not continue. The heat had become too much for him. Ray Miller took over at the beginning of the 11th.

Then, not quite so suddenly, but plain for the excited crowd to see, the heat began eating into Sugar Ray's reserves. The crowd yelled frantically for him to slow down, to coast along to the end and earn one of the easiest victories of his career. But Robinson continued to dance—on legs that were moving to rubber. Maxim took the 12th round, his first so far, and even began to look like the original fragment of Freddie Mills' imagination (and money). In the 13th Robinson's dance turned to a stagger. He lashed out awkwardly, missed grotesquely and fell flat on his face. Then he pulled himself up and reeled round the ring. Maxim stared at him flat-footed and unphased, silently suspecting a trick. No wonder. Nothing in Maxim's career had prepared him to deal with this unprecedented opportunity. As the bell rang at the end of the 13th Robinson stumbled to a mental corner. He had to be helped over to his stool. His head drooped. Mucous and smelline salts failed to revive him, and he was unable to come out for the 14th. The doctor later pronounced it a "heat stroke."

It was in this remarkable fashion that Sugar Ray Robinson suffered the first (and only) knockout of his career. He was half-carried to his dressing room and he never fought again in the light heavyweight division. Maxim was his amiable self in his dressing room, showing no signs of damage from either the heat or the blows of Robinson. "Couldn't get right enough to the eas to hit him" was his considered judgment of the contest. Maxim went on fighting for another six years, and Robinson for another 13, to the glory of neither.

Through it all I had glanced from time to time at my neighbors in the press section. At the fight's end Governor Dewey looked as if he had been sitting in a hot shower. But General MacArthur was stiffer than ever.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 23-28

BASEBALL The NBA, which trailed by 16 points in the second quarter, edged the ABA 106-104 in the NBA/ABA All-Star Game at Nassau Coliseum in Umatilla, Fla. (NBA 78)

BOWLING —**LORRIE KOCH** of Carpentersville, Ill. rolled 276, 251, 231 and 222 in her last four games to defeat Mary Beth of Central Islip, N.Y. 5-1, 772 pins to 5,120 in the BPA U.S. Women's Open championship at Denver. Miss Koch is the first amateur ever to win the title.

BOXING **BOI FRAZER** retained his world beryx weight title with a fifth-round TKO over Ron Stander, an unranked challenger, in Omaha (page 26).

BOWLING **WANDA (317,460, rolls in Jorge Velazquez, won the second leg of the NWA triple crown for Silver, defeating favorite Susan's Gary winner of the Acorn Stakes. In a tick, the 368-600 Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park.**

SANDY HAWLEY, the North American jockey champion in 1979 with 451 winners, won seven of nine races in one day at Toronto's Woodbine Racetrack, one less than the record set 28 years ago by Herbert Jones.

LAWRENCE **JOHN HOPKINS** spent his Franked Maryland 3-6 and topped off only last in College Park, Md. in the season. He led the ABA championships in Attack Man Jack Thomas had two goals and three assists, and Louise Lee Matthews made 13 saves. **VILKALA**, who had the other semifinal, easily defeating Cornell 4-1 in a Central N.Y. Girls' Championship, a 200-pound 6'7-inch-tall 16-year-old, who had the Attack Man 3-6 and half three goals and three assists.

JOHNS, who led 6-0 at the end of the first period, beat Washington College 15-12 in Geneva, N.Y. to win the U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association title, considered to be the all-time college championship. Jack Gribben, Bill O'Hara and Greg Hughes scored 11 of the Seawater's goals.

CARLINE **ACK ROSS**, 21, with Coach Turner scoring four goals, defeated the Brown Lacrosse Club 12-3 in Baltimore to win the Northern Division Club title and the right to meet the

Long Island Lacrosse Club, who won the Northern Division, for the club championship.

BOYON SPORTS **MARK DONOHUE**, averaging a record 163.49 mph in his Williams-Groveshausen, took the lead from billy-bush winner Jerry Gault with only 39 miles to go and won the Indianapolis 500 (page 27).

SOCER —**NORTHERN IRELAND** gained its first victory over England since 1957 and only its sixth in 71 matches between the two nations when Peter Manager Jerry Spill banged a loose ball into the net for a 1-0 win in the British International tournament at London's Wembley Stadium.

TRICK & FISH — Olympic champion **BOB NEE**, GREEN, who had won limited competition for two years, and **KIRIL** **ISAKSSON** of Sweden both set a world polo-suit record when each cleared 18' 4 1/2" in 11.7 seconds, breaking Jackson's nine-month-old mark by 2 1/2 inches. It was Sweden's first time over 18 feet. "I think I can go higher," said Nee. "I had to let seven inches go for 18 feet when I made it. It will take good conditions, with a tail wind, a nice warm day and someone to push you for 18 feet. But it can happen, and probably soon."

GEORGE WOODS of the Pacific Coast Club became the third-best shooter in history with a 69 5/8% "hand" 414" shot of Brady Murray's world record — at the U.S. Track & Field International Championships in Wichita. Murray finished second at 68 2/3%. **AUDRIE** **REID** of Texas Woman's University set an American women's record in the high jump with a 5' 10 1/2" leap, while **RANDY SMITH** of Wichita State won the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 9:47.3 and **SAM COLSON** of Kansas took the 1,500-meter with a 2:27.7 time.

PENN., which won the ICA Indoor title in March for the first time in 41 years, won the 1980 Outdoor championship in Philadelphia for the first time in 52 years in 53 points, followed by victorious Penn State with 46 and Pitt with 25. Defending champion Villanova, the winner of 31 of the past 155 years, was fourth with 23. The Quakers, who were led by coach Walter BRUCE COLLEGE 1,000-yard hurdles and 250-yard dash, won six events and placed in 12 of the 20.

MARATHON **KENNY MOORE** of Lowell, Ore. won the 7.8-mile Bay-to-Best race, then 10.1-mile Run to the Pacific Ocean race in 10:09.07, 2,908 other entrants, the largest field in the history of the race. There were 2,242 finishers in the pack, which included men and women from age eight to 75.

HIT & GABER 11 of Great Britain averaged 2,040 points to break his own British nature of 1,940

points by 137 points in a special Olympic qualifying meet in Santa Maria, Calif. Gerry Moore of Canada, who finished second, set a Canadian national mark with 1,909 points.

WILLIAM GATIS on a Southern Conference record with a 7' 1 1/2" high jump in leading TEXAS to its 22nd conference championship in Lyleville, Ark. The Longhorns tallied 141 points to runner-up Rice's 570.

BASEBALL **AWARDED** The Eddie Shore Player as the American Hockey League's outstanding defenseman, **NED PRICE**, 36, of the Calder Cup champion New York Rangers. Price, who guided the squad with Springfield in 1969-70, became only the second two-time winner of the plaque.

NALID Indiana Guard **FREDERICK LEWIS**, 28, who averaged 19.1 points and 5.1 assists per game in the ABA playoffs, as the Most Valuable Player in the championships.

NAMED **BERNIE** (18-year-old) **GILBERTSON**, 41, who scored 393 goals and 422 points in his 10th year NHL career, 14 of them with the Montreal Canadiens, as head coach of the NHL Atlanta expansion team that will begin play next season. Gilbertson, who was the league's Most Valuable Player in 1961 and played on seven Stanley Cup championship teams, coached the New York Rangers for part of the 1968-69 season before resigning because of a stomach ailment.

MENTED By the New York Rangers of the new World Hockey Association, four NHL players. Right wing **NORM HEDGECOCK**, 28, of the California Golden Seals, who scored 54 goals in his rookie season in 1969 but only 14 last season, Right Wing **BILL ELIT**, 28, of the Philadelphia Flyers, an 18-goal senior last season, Goalie **GARY KIRBY** of the Seals, who had a 1-1-5 record and a goals-against average of 4.29, and Defenseman **BILL N. HILGREN**, 29, of the Flyers. Previously, forward Wayne Connolly had helped from the Vancouver in the 51. Paul Smith and Goalie Louie Warlick from the Bruins to Winnipeg. Think the NHL owners are worried about all the guys who are getting "it" and going "it." As for me, I'm glad I'm not alone. I don't want to stick out like a sore thumb by being the only player to jump leagues.

DIED Highlander **DICK FOWLER**, 51, who pitched a no-hitter against the St. Louis Browns in 1945 in Ontario, N.Y. Fowler had a 66-79 record in his 10-year career with the old Philadelphia Athletics.

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19TH LE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW YORK'S GAIN

Sirs,

Your article on Willie Mays and the New York Mets (*How Sweet It Is!* May 22) was as beautiful as Willie's game-winning home run. I have been a Met fan since they came into existence, but a Mays fan ever since I first came to know his name. To say the least, I was thrilled when Willie was traded to New York. As a Met, Willie is doing the amazing things he did back in the early '60s, and he is helping the Mets to an early run-away in the National League's East Division. Can any New York sports fan ask for more?

SUMNER EISENBERG

Brooklyn

Sir,

Congratulations to William Leggett on his fine article. It is about time somebody realized the Mets are not a fluke; that they are a solid ballclub with hitting (two), pitching (much better now than at the start of the season), running (Harrison, Jones, Martinez, Mays and Fregosi) and near-errorless fielding. Now 27-10, they have the most wins and the best percentage in the majors. Who'd of thunk it, Horace?

KYLE HENDERSON

Millburn, N.J.

Sirs,

Surprise and hurt were my reactions on seeing Wondrous Willie Mays in a foreign uniform on your May 22 cover. I had heard of the trade, of course, but I didn't really want to believe that the Giants had thrown away a hero-superstar for a minor league pitcher (promising though he may be) and more money. But Willie himself convinced me with his game-winning homer against his former hateful world teammates.

The disappointment we Giant fans feel can only be measured by the joy Met fans feel.

PEC, DANIEL J. ARNHEIM, USA
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Sirs,

You chose a very interesting title for the story about the Mets, *How Sweet It Is!* Bob Prince, once of the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates, was the originator of this phrase long before Jackie Gleason "borrowed" it. I see this title as an omen. In October the Bucs will once again be enjoying sweet success and the Mets will be muttering, "How sweet it was."

JIM RIGGS

Chantauqua, N.Y.

• Jackie Gleason says that he first used the expression in 1939, after completing

a hearty meal with friends at Luchini's, the well-known German restaurant in New York City. Bob Prince, who introduced it into his Pirate broadcasts on the way to the 1960 World Series, says he was unaware of any prior claim to its fame.—ED.

CUP BEARERS

Sirs,

Who will deny that Bobby Orr won the Stanley Cup for the Bruins and at 24 is already the greatest hockey player of all time (*An Icyman Too Hot To Handle*, May 22)? Yet I will challenge Mark Mulvey's statement, "Orr on his legs was better than any other player on two last Thursday night in Madison Square Garden."

As a member of what must be one of the world's most exclusive clubs, the Canterbury Society (limited to those who have tended goal for Harvard), I lay claim to some expertise on the value of the guy who can only take it and never gets to dish it out.

The best man on the ice in the last game of the Stanley Cup was Gerry Cheevers, the Bruin goalie. Without him the Rangers' stormy attack would have produced a final score of New York 10, Boston 3. The series would have been tied, and in the final game the Bruins, Orr or no Orr, could have been beaten by Guilford or Villeneuve just as Ken Dryden beat them last year.

The Bruins made the most of every opportunity, including some lack of Orr's goal when his long shot must have been screened from Villeneuve. Cheevers made at least a dozen saves on unstoppable shots, and this was what killed the Rangers.

TABROT WELLS

Bainbridge Island, Wash.

THE BRUINS' TACTICS

Sirs,

In regard to the letters published in the May 22 issue about how brutal the Boston Bruins are, I would like to say that I think both Roger Schaeffer and Bill Tallant are totally wrong in their thinking. Since the Bruins threw their weight around, but so did the Rangers. Of course, New York did not do it as much because it could not afford to. If the Rangers had had the size and bench strength the Bruins had, they would have used them to their advantage just as the Bruins did. As it was, the Rangers threw their weight around as much as they could without being hurt by too many penalties.

Another thing, the Bruins never tried to intentionally hurt any of the Rangers. The Bruins are professionals, and they never would have lowered themselves to this. If any of the Rangers were hurt it was purely

accidental. Hockey is bound to get rugged, and anyone can get hurt under these circumstances. Both teams are made up of professionals and both teams played their darndest to win. The Bruins came out on top; they are the champions and should be given the credit they deserve.

MARY ROSE

Trenton, Mass.

Sirs,

Since when are hard checking and a few fights in what is one of the most physical sports considered "unsportsmanlike tactics"? The final between these two teams was expected to be tough, and injuries were inevitable. The Bruins' toughness and free-wheeling play is a part of their individual style. It is this individuality, plus superstar No. 4, that has made this team the most well-known and popular in the NHL and, like it or not, their style of play is what has made the Bruins the successful hockey team they are. Without the Bruins, hockey in the U.S. today would still be the small sport it was just a few years ago.

J.C. JONES

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sirs,

Why is it that no one has talked about the behavior of the New York fans? Throwing garbage on the ice (put on your football helmet, Gerry Cheevers!) should not be tolerated, either. But Gerry got his revenge. The Bruins got the cup, Bobby Orr got the MVP award of the playoffs and the Ranger fans got mud in their faces.

CYNTHIA KROMBE

Reading, Pa.

Sirs,

For once poking on the ice was better than the poking in the stands.

KAREN PUGH

Danvers, Conn.

U.S. SOCCER

Sirs,

Congratulations to Dan Levin for his fine article on the U.S. Olympic soccer team (*They'll Get a Kick at the Gold*, May 22).

I was fortunate enough to have had an opportunity to serve as the team's trainer for six weeks last summer during the Pan-American Games and during the first round of the Olympics Trials against Barbados and El Salvador. In addition to being a very talented group of young men, they are also excellent ambassadors of goodwill wherever they appear. This team typifies the courage, character and desire that we have come to expect of Olympic athletes. And it is fortunate, also, to have such outstanding

continued

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Ford's famous quiet ride is just one reason why, year after year, more people choose LTD than any other luxury car.

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coaches as Bob Gueller and Julie Menéndez.

Our team will be the underdog during the Olympics, but these young men are accustomed to that role. I am certain they will leave a lasting impression in Munich.

WESLEY D. JORDAN
Athletic Trainer
University of Maine

Orono, Maine

Sirs:

Yes, Dan Levin, the U.S. is ready to join the rest of the world. The reason is that this time around it is the entire nation, and not just St. Louis, which has decided to join. Soccer is far and away the fastest-growing sport in America, and its popularity is increasing in every corner of the land. The number of colleges that field varsity teams has doubled in the past decade. On the scholastic and youth recreation level the rate of growth has been even more phenomenal (for instance, the number of teams in a program sponsored by a boys' club in suburban Washington has jumped from four to 120 after six years of operation). At this rate the global pastime should become our national pastime in a decade or so.

In light of these facts the improvement

in the level of American soccer, as evidenced by the recent successes of the U.S. Olympic squad, is not really that surprising after all.

MONROE WILLIAMS

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

Many thanks for an excellent article on the U.S. Olympic soccer team. These young men are representing the increasingly popular game of American soccer and their progress thus far in international competition accurately marks the improved quality of the sport in the U.S.

One further bit of information: while your praise of St. Louis soccer is justified, also look in Philadelphia for the future. Earlier this spring a team of Philadelphia all-stars defeated the U.S. Olympic team 1-0 in an exhibition game.

SCHILLING MCKINLEY

Delmar, N.Y.

NORTHEAST PASSAGE

Sirs:

I enjoyed the article *Watch Out! Their Ergometer Is Showing* in your May 22 issue, and am happy to see that Coach Ernie Arlett of Northeastern is now receiving the national

recognition he so much deserves. I had the pleasure of working with Ernie as a freshman manager at Rutgers during the 1961-62 rowing season. It was unfortunate that no mention was made in your article of his coaching at Rutgers, where he produced one of the finest freshman crews of the 1962 season. Congratulations to a great crew coach and a great man. Here's hoping Mrs. Arlett's "two-day champagne cork" goes to Henley along with the Northeastern crew!

KARL A. FLANZER

Brocton, Mass.

IN THE RUNNING

Sirs:

Evidently Pat Putnam (*This Drake Was for the Ducks*, May 8) left the meet early or was too busy watching the coeds in the stands to notice what was happening on the track. He failed to even mention the world outdoor best set in the distance medley relay by Kansas State University.

Kansas State bettered the previous world mark of 9:33 set by Kansas University in 1969. Kansas State's time was 9:31.8. The runners were Clardy Vinson (1:49.5 for the 800), Mike Lee (47.8 in the 440), Rick Hitchcock (2:55.4 for the 1,200) and Jerome Howe

continued

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Even after spraying twice for extra hold your hair still feels soft and natural

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Want more hold from your hair spray... without stiffness? Try New Vaseline® Hair Spray & Conditioner. Simply follow this daily grooming system:

1. Spray New 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner all through your hair.
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4. Now spray 0 second time for extra control.

Notice how your hair still feels natural...looks soft...even after spraying twice for extra hold.



Why hair feels soft and natural:

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RUNNING SCARRED

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BACK TO HEALTH**
by TEX MAUL

SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS

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5. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1997, 34, 1, 1-14.

98TH HOLE continued

(1-9), I for the rule) Keep your eyes on the track, Mr. Putnam.

RAY LITCHFIELD AU

Wolfe, R. 1998.

See:

Your article went to great lengths to talk about the fact that only one man of any importance seemed to do well at the Drake Relays and that he wasn't even eligible to go to the Olympics. Even though several of the U.S. Olympic hopefuls failed to measure up to par, due to the weather and various injuries, one American athlete did perform well, and he deserves credit for it. Jim Bolden of Oklahoma State University was the winner of the 440 intermediate hurdles in a time of 50.1.

Bolding has an excellent chance of making the Olympics, having won the 440 intermediate hurdles at the Texas, Kansas and Drake relays. At the Kansas Relays, Bolding was named the meet's outstanding performer over Jim Ryan, who ran a 3:57.5 mile. It is true that Bolding's time of 50.1 at Drake is not exactly the same as Ralph Mann's world record of 48 K, but then Bolding did prove that he can beat the best and do it under almost any condition.

We might add that the whole state of Oklahoma feels the same as we do since Bolding was recently named Sportsman of the Month of May by the state's sportswriters.

Mass. CINCINNATI

James M. McManus

1 year. Results

Oklahoma City

MILNER & THOMAS 2015

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

The May 8 article *Concentrate on the Chrysalis* by Kenny Moore was the best thing I have ever read on the magazine, and I have read a lot. But it is not just a marathoner's article, since Moore is best at communicating the atmosphere of world-class competition and the personalities of the athletes involved.

As a distance runner of moderate talent, I have had a couple of opportunities to run with and talk to some of the really capable runners. Their conversation, like Moore's numerous anecdotes, is so amusing and drawn to earth that it is only on reflection that one recalls just how important running is to them. As Moore's stories show, these men are just like the rest of us, with two important differences: 1) they are inherently great athletes and 2) they possess the consistency and determination to discover the extent of their ability.

GEOFF PETERSON

Minerals

Surv

Kenny Moore's wit and perception in painting the background of the race show

...and the

ALL SMALL CARS SOLVE THE PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE BIG CAR.

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This year, economics and the conditions of urban traffic will drive millions of Americans to the small car.

These American converts will discover, however, that most small cars, for all their virtues, can have two major problems of their own. First, lack of inside space. And second, compared to the 425-horsepower monsters Americans are used to driving, disappointing performance.

Which is why we thought you'd like to know about a small car that doesn't have those problems. The Fiat 128. One of the big reasons why in Europe, where they've been living with small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

You see, ever since we invented the small car in 1936, our engineers have been designing small cars so European families

who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

As for room, while the

Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

Space considerations aside, many small-car owners are reluctant about taking a corner fast or driving in a strong crosswind. That's why the Fiat 128 is built wider than the big-selling Japanese and German imports. And why it has standard radial tires (usually a \$100 option). All-independent suspension. And the same responsive rack-and-pinion steering usually found on Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars.

What if you're trying to pass a giant truck or merge into fast moving highway traffic? If you've got to accelerate from, say, 40 to 70 mph to do it, the Fiat 128's overhead cam engine gives you an

edge of more than six car lengths over America's favorite small car. And since stopping fast can be equally important, it has power-assisted front disc brakes.

Lastly, there's another item that distinguishes the Fiat 128: front-wheel drive. This means superior handling and performance, because the wheels that move the car are also the wheels that turn the car. And because pulling is a more efficient way to move something than pushing.

(It also means superior traction in ice and snow. In fact, for the last two years the Fiat 128 has won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

The Fiat 128 is available in 2-door, 4-door, and station wagon models. To appreciate just how good it is, you should know that in Europe, where each country is fiercely proud of the cars it makes, the Fiat 128 has won more international Car of the Year awards than any small car in car history.

Or any big car, too, for that matter.

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who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

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16TH HOLE

him to be a writer of talent equal to his run-
ning. As a sometime marathoner (small time,
slow time) I could appreciate his portrayal
of the myriad feelings, moods and images
that make up the race. Thank you, and my
congratulations to Mr. Moore.

GARY K. RUG

Haverstown, Pa.

Sirs,

I found it to be one of the most enter-
taining and informative articles ever writ-
ten about the marathon. It is a great trib-
ute to all those who have accomplished such
a task.

A. J. FARRINGTON

West Point, N.Y.

THE SISLER'S RATINGS (CONT.)

Sirs,

I was fascinated when I read the article
on the George Sisler's "pitching efficiency" rat-
ing system (*Major's of the Month*), and
the *Game*, April 10) and even more so when
I read the formula (19th Hole), May 18. In
the original article, the pitchers used as ex-
amples fall pretty much in line. However,
consider the following three hypothetical
pitchers:

	IP	ER	BB	SO	HR	W	L	PCT	ERA
A	250	12	80	44	90	26	4	.863	4.2
B	250	126	210	80	90	15	35	.500	4.80
C	250	246	300	150	180	5	25	.167	8.00

(in all, pitched 750 IP)

All pitched the same number of innings
and all compute to 1000 using the Sisler's
formula: $(25IP - (50 - 43BB)) \div 25$
 $ERA = IP$. However, it is plain to see that
Pitcher A is infinitely more effective than
Pitcher C.

Why not stick with the earned run av-
erage as the measure of a pitcher's effec-
tiveness?

BARRY WATSON

Unionville, Conn.

Sirs,

The Sisler's formula actually does depend
on the "followed-earned run average," since
25% of the earned runs allowed, divided
by the number of innings pitched, is the
same as the ERA divided by 36. The de-
gree of dependence is admittedly small, but
my own crude preliminary analysis indicates
that there is more information in the ERA
about a pitcher's performance than in any
other single source, a conclusion reached
by many others. The burden is on the Sis-
lers to demonstrate why the proposed al-
ternative is any better than, say, weighing
80% to ERA and 20% to his allowed per
regulation game.

DAVID ROTHMAN

Bronx, N.Y.

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100's 22 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug '71